

OSMAN PASHA

WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP

LIBRARY
OF THE
SAN FRANCISCO THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY
SAN ANSELMO
CALIFORNIA

Mr. Rapp transcribes with the fidelity of an annalist, the sympathy of an understanding friend, and the touch of an artist, a fascinating page out of contemporary history which Western Christendom has not even glimpsed hitherto.

A thousand estimates have been spread abroad of what the post-war ferment in reviving Turkey means and promises; this is a new account of it different from all the rest and as thrilling as a prophetic vision.

The old Islamic contempt of the Christian infidel; the bitter repayment in hate with which the persecuted Armenian fills his full measure of retaliation; the dawning light of a brotherly and forgiving spirit mediated to both Christian and Moslem, not by the theology of either church or mosque but by the magic of the name of Jesus; the iron conservatism of entrenched religion violently battling to protect the landmarks of bigotry; the envy of power and the aspiration after ideals which mingle in a nation's impulses toward progress—all these the playwright has woven into a love story of stark convincingness.

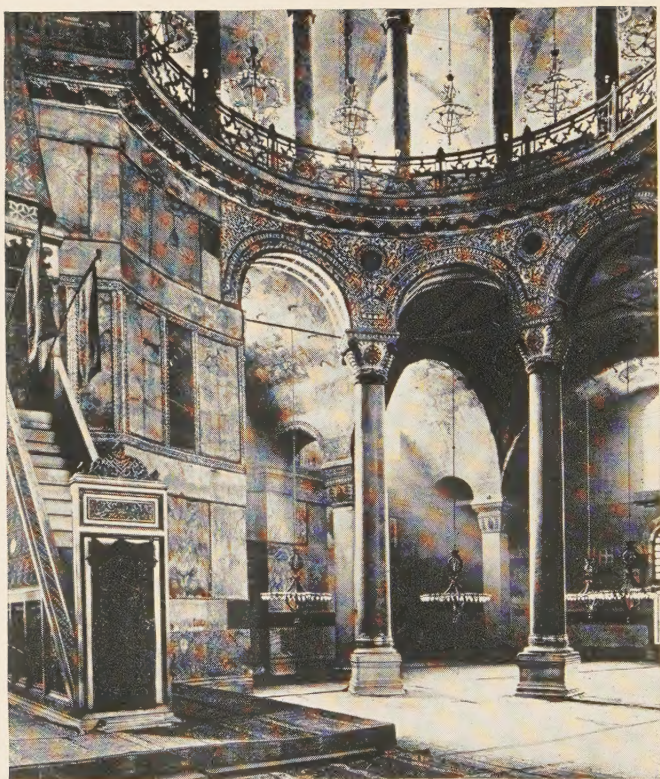
Everyone interested in a thrilling story of a strange land and a strange faith, in religious and educational drama, in Turkey and Islam, in missionary work among Moslems, in Near East Relief, and in the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy in the Christian Churches will want to read Osman Pasha.

It is a story of beautiful love, deep religious experience, and great heroism, set against the background of present-day Turkey in the throes of a Renaissance, a Reformation and a Nationalist Revolution. Every force that is playing a part in the making of the New Turkey has a capable spokesman.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

OSMAN PASHA



CORNER OF MOSQUE OF AYA SOPHIA

SET FOR ACT IV, SCENE 2

Mr. Rapp has a knowledge of the near East equalled by few Westerners. His travels as newspaper correspondent gave him an intimate acquaintance with the highways, marts, forums and homes of New Turkey, and this play, into which he has wrought his most significant observations, is a page out of contemporary history which Western Christendom has not even glimpsed hitherto. It is not only a play, but history as well, fascinatingly told.

OSMAN PASHA

A Play in Four Acts

BY

WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP



THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK & LONDON

25-19530

PS
3635
A68
075
1925

ALL PRODUCTION RIGHTS RESERVED

25-19530

Copyright, 1925, by
THE CENTURY Co.



Printed in U. S. A.

To
MOLLY PRICE COOK

FOREWORD

In this earnest work of Mr. Rapp, drama at length discovers the most dramatic situation in the modern world,—the Turkish Renaissance.

Not out of detached and remote imagination, but from observation sympathetic and intimate, the author has delineated scenes revealing the urge of spirit that almost in a moment, at a crisis of deep humiliation, reversed the historic trend of the Turk race.

Obedient to the dramatist's truth, Mr. Rapp does not represent that spirit as wholly noble or wholly heroic, but he does show it justly as capable in best conditions of both nobility and heroism.

So profound are the issues on which in these circumstances the fate of modern Turkey turns that the author finds in his materials no touch of comedy—only tragedy unrelieved. Yet it is not tragedy of a hopeless gloom, for there is shining through it, at the last, the hope of a regeneration which will make Turkey—for centuries past the terror and curse of civilization—itsself the regenerator of those wide reaches of the Near East on which the blight of its immemorial fanaticism has fallen so deadeningly. Certainly no enemy of Turkey can hate so fiercely its past record that he will read unwillingly—even though it should be incredulously—this prophecy of a better day for an an-

cient nation, and a better use for a national genius so long devoted to the organization of rapine and tyranny.

The manner in which Mr. Rapp conceives that this more admirable rôle for Turkey may be realized will not, of course, appeal to all readers.

Many will call it impossible, and some no doubt will feel that the author's thought seriously disparages Christianity, not only reflecting unfairly on the endeavors of Christian missionaries but detracting from the unique supremacy of the Christian's Lord. Personally I do not believe that such is the dramatist's intent. But howsoever that may be, the solution that the play offers for the ills to which Turkey is heir and for the difficulties which its right-about-face now involves, constitutes an idealistic tribute to the power and domination of the Nazarene Prophet which to me is thrillingly impressive.

Certainly if the Name of Jesus, apart from dogma, can work the transformations which Mr. Rapp's high faith believes possible, it is needless for even the most jealous defender of Christian theology to insist that the Name must never go abroad in the world unattended by theology. And as for Christian missions, it is perfectly clear from the movement of the play how well the playwright understands that Turkey and Islam would never have seen Jesus in the inspiring light here depicted if the missionaries of Western churches had not both preached Him and lived His life in Moslem lands. That, for these apostles of soul-and-heart religion, should be vindication enough.

Much warmer controversial feelings, however, than any springing from simple religious sources will doubtless be aroused when the author's pictures of militant Armenia

are studied by native Armenian patriots and by Armenia's friends throughout the world and especially in America.

Admirers of this martyr people will resent the intimation that they did anything whatever to bring upon themselves the appalling misfortunes under which they were crushed and their feeble remnants scattered abroad on the face of the earth. Those remnants themselves will protest loudly. Yet it would be counting on something almost superhuman in a very human nationality, to believe that in centuries of antipathy between themselves and the Turks, the Armenians were never betrayed into attitudes and actions which Christian idealism would deplore.

Moreover, even if every such lapse which is implied in this present volume were disproved and shown to be unjust, a friend of Armenia could still read the book with joy for what is signified in the character of Araxi,—the gentle Armenian girl whose forgiveness was not denied even to the murderer of her brother. That, I believe, is the real spirit of surviving Armenia to-day—a genuine living-out of the Christ impulse to pity those whom blindness has led astray and to give God thanks for all those, howsoever bitter and cruel as foes in the past, who to-day turn toward the shining goals of human brotherhood. If the Turk will indeed seek the ways of fraternity and justice in company with an advancing Christendom, I am sure he will be forgiven for the sins of many centuries by none more quickly than by his former Armenian subjects.

At least that is the spirit which is being instilled into the hearts of thousands and thousands of Armenian orphans who are to-day under care and instruction in orphanages of the Near East Relief in the neighbor lands that ring Turkey

round on every side. It is the spirit which has been imparted to other thousands of Armenia's sons and daughters, orphaned by Turkish vengeance, who have already gone out from the tutelage of Near East asylums to take part in the reconstitution of their ancient race. And, as I personally know, many of the teachers who have brought and are bringing this lesson of Christlike forgiveness to their younger brothers and sisters in these orphan schools, are Armenian men and women who themselves have been bereaved in Turkish persecutions. They but teach, therefore, what they have themselves already by divine grace practiced in their own lives.

To those of us who have labored many years in behalf of the Armenian people—especially of their fatherless and motherless boys and girls—it is a gratification not easily expressed to find that Mr. Rapp, a quite independent observer unconnected with our work, brings forth from a Near East Relief orphanage the heroine who symbolizes the American influence and the Christian influence that have brought to Turkey the vision of a better social, political and moral life than its former history has known. And it is a joy to find also how tersely he sums up the heroine's motive for her presence in Turkey: "It is her religion."

CHARLES V. VICKREY.

151 Fifth Ave.,
New York City.

OSMAN PASHA

OSMAN PASHA

CHARACTERS

(Characters are mentioned in order of their importance)

OSMAN PASHA . . . General commanding Turkish army corps

MARGARET EDSALL . . . Directress of a Near East Relief Orphanage

SAÏD NOURI BEY . . . Dunmeh (Moslem Jew) and friend of Osman Pasha

SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI EFFENDI . . . Chief of Dervishes

FETHI BEY . . . Lieutenant in the Turkish army and adjutant to Osman Pasha

DJEVAT PASHA Father of Osman Pasha

ARAXI GADARIAN . . . Clerk of orphanage and an Armenian

ARAM GADARIAN . . . Brother of Araxi and a lieutenant in the Armenian Legion of the Greek army

SEDIKA . . . First wife of Djevat Pasha and mother of Osman Pasha

HAGOP An Armenian fugitive

BEDROS Another Armenian fugitive

RECHAD An ex-dervish

TEWFIK Eunuch in the harem of Djevat Pasha

DJEVAT OSMAN Son of Osman Pasha

ANNA Third wife of Djevat Pasha and an Armenian

ERMINA Second wife of Osman Pasha
 SERGEANT OF GENDARMES
 KARA KADIR A dervish
 HUSSEIN Another dervish
 AHMED A third dervish
 SERGEANT
 ORDERLY
 NEGRO BOY
 SOLDIERS, DERVISHES, GENDARMES, AND WORSHIPPERS

SCENES

ACT I

SCENE 1: Office and Sitting Room of a Near East Relief
 Orphanage at Afion Karahissar in Asia Minor.

The middle of August, 1922.

SCENE 2: Same

The following morning before dawn.

ACT II

SCENE 1: The Garden of the Palace of Djevat Pasha in
 the Interior of Anatolia.

A month later.

SCENE 2: Same

The following morning at dawn.

ACT III

A Spring alongside a path in the Taurus Mountains
 overlooking the City of Marash.

A year later.

ACT IV

SCENE 1: The Salon of Osman Pasha's house in Stamboul.

Ten years later.

SCENE 2: In the Mosque of Aya Sophia.

The following morning at dawn.

ACT I

SCENE 1: *The scene consists of the combined office and sitting room of a Near East Relief orphanage situated on a high hill outside the city of Afion Karahissar in Asia Minor. The walls of the room are white-washed and the doors, sills, and other woodwork are painted a bright green. It is a low room and was formerly the office of the commander of the barracks which now serve as an orphanage. A long window extends across the greater part of the rear wall. It has no glass frames but merely shutters which are now thrown open. Through it can be had an excellent view of the city and the surrounding country as the building is constructed on the edge of a sharp precipice. On a lower terrace there is a mosque, the tall slender minaret of which shines brightly as the rays of the setting sun strike it.*

The window is edged with a curtain of cheap printed cotton cloth and there are three or four wicker armchairs with cushions of the same material. A desk with a chair behind it stands at the rear center and adjoining it is a small table with a typewriter. Against the left wall towards the front are a number of filing cabinets.

There are three doors. One is in the right wall towards the back and leads through a hall to the other parts of the building, another is in the same wall towards the front and opens into a closet containing supplies, and a third is in the

middle of the left wall. This last is a double door which stands wide open and leads into a bare dusty courtyard.

As the action proceeds, the light diminishes.

When the curtain rises, ARAXI GADARIAN, a young Armenian woman who serves in the capacity of orphanage clerk, is working at the files. She is small and thin, with black hair, and dark shining eyes which are especially prominent because of her sallow skin. She works quickly, silently, and efficiently, but without any sign of interest in what she is doing. Leaving her work, she goes to the window and looks out as if searching the horizon for some sign. Apparently failing to find it, she returns to the files. Shortly, MISS MARGARET EDSALL enters from the courtyard. She is a young American woman of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, of medium height, and with brown eyes and auburn hair. She has a face of rare beauty. The features are well modeled and forceful and the eyes are large and luminous. In her black straw hat and uniform of blue serge, she is a most charming and attractive figure.

ARAXI

I was beginning to worry. You have been gone so long.

MARGARET

[Hanging her hat on a clothes rack in the corner of the room and taking off her gloves, which she lays on the desk.]

All passenger traffic on the railroad has been suspended. The Greeks are moving large numbers of soldiers. I managed to get permission for Mr. Travers and the children to go to Smyrna on a troop train.

ARAXI

When do you expect Mr. Travers back?

MARGARET

In four or five days. I hesitated to let him go, but there was no one else available to bring up the supplies from Smyrna. We have only enough food left for a week.

ARAXI

Did you find out anything about the military situation?

MARGARET

Nothing definite! But apparently something is up. Whether it is an advance or a retreat, no one who knows will tell. There are any number of rumors—all different! Fortunately we are up on this hill outside of any likely field of action.

ARAXI

I hope nothing happens until Mr. Travers returns. If the Turks should advance and occupy this part of the country, they are more likely to treat us well if there is an American man about.

MARGARET

I hope so too! But we, ourselves, must be prepared to meet any emergency. You had better go through the dormitories and tell the matrons to get the children to bed before dark and under no circumstances to use a light unless the shutters are all closed. Also, the children should be kept away from the windows.

ARAXI

Is there anything else?

MARGARET

You might take up some boric acid. There are a number of new cases of sore eyes and it will probably be needed.

[ARAXI goes to the closet door at the right front, opens it, enters, and immediately reappears with a bottle in her hand. Closing the closet door, she goes out through the door at the right back. MARGARET sits down at the desk. In a few moments, a husky young man in military costume enters from the courtyard. His head-dress, which in true oriental style he does not remove on entering, consists of a tall lamb's wool kalpak. His tunic is that of an officer in the Greek army and bears the insignia of a lieutenant, while his trousers are of native homespun and bulge out from the tops of huge, black, coarse, village-made boots. He is of the pure Armenian type with dark skin, black eyes, coarse black hair, high retreating forehead, and large aquiline nose. A revolver hangs from his belt.]

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me, but I'm looking for my sister, Araxi Gadarian.

MARGARET

[*Rising.*] She just stepped out but will be back in a moment. You may wait here.

GADARIAN

Thank you!

MARGARET

Are you with the Greek army?

GADARIAN

Yes! I just arrived to-day from Smyrna.

MARGARET

Is it long since you have seen your sister?

GADARIAN

[*Thoughtfully.*] Yes! Seven years!

MARGARET

Much has happened in that time.

GADARIAN

[*Somberly.*] Yes! Very much!

MARGARET

Have you any idea what the Greeks are planning to do?
It would help us a great deal to know what to expect.

GADARIAN

No! I know absolutely nothing! To tell the truth, I only arrived in Afion a few hours ago and have come here without permission. I was surprised in not meeting any troops on the way.

MARGARET

There are no soldiers between us and the city. The Greek lines are a short distance to the east of this hill. I have often wondered why the Greeks never fortified the hill itself as it dominates the city. Perhaps their intention is to retreat to defenses nearer the coast if the Turks attack.

GADARIAN

I'm sorry, but I can't enlighten you.

[ARAXI enters. She gazes at her brother uncertainly and then rushes to him.]

ARAXI

Aram!

ARAM

Araxi! [They embrace. MARGARET quietly goes out into the courtyard.]

ARAXI

[Looking up at ARAM and feeling his shoulders and arms.] Come, sit down, and tell me all about yourself. It's so long since I have seen or heard from you. How did you know I was here? And how did you get here yourself? But you are in military clothes! [Her face saddens.] You aren't a soldier?

ARAM

[Proudly.] I'm an officer in the Armenian legion of the Greek army.

ARAXI

What do you hope to gain by fighting?

ARAM

[*Fiercely.*] Revenge for the million of our people massacred by those brutes. [*Taking out his revolver and showing Araxi the butt.*] Do you see? There are fourteen notches. Every one represents a dead Turk—a Turk that I killed! [*Gazing upward and speaking with great emotion.*] May God grant me before I die the strength to kill a hundred!

ARAXI

[*Covering her face with her hands.*] Aram! Aram! Don't talk like that! The look in your eyes is terrible.

ARAM

[*Taking ARAXI's hand and leading her affectionately to a chair.*] Little sister, what would you have me do? Remember, I have walked days across the desert without food or drink, driven unmercifully forward by those fiends. We were five thousand when we left Adana—old men and women, mothers with babies in their arms, and the sick who had been forced out of their beds and made to walk day after day under a hot sun until death came and ended their sufferings. Mother and father were among them. Thank God that you were away at school and escaped. Those that fell by the roadside were brutally murdered, and the few coins and trinkets left them were taken from their dead bodies by the Turkish soldiers guarding the convoy. The night we reached the Euphrates, father died in my

arms, and I threw his body into the river that those beasts couldn't violate it. The next morning mother had disappeared. There is no doubt that she followed father to his watery grave.

ARAXI

[*Horried.*] Stop! It's too horrible!

ARAM

[*In a gentler and softer voice.*] Not a hundred of the original five thousand arrived at Urfa. There we were thrown into a stinking jail and left to die. [*Gloatingly.*] But I escaped. I got away to the Arabs who were fighting the Turks. Later I fought with the French in Cilicia, and when they deserted us and made peace with the Moslem dogs, we Armenians fought alone. But the odds against us were too great and we were driven from the country. Then we came to Smyrna to help the Greeks. There I learned from one of your old American teachers that you were working here in an orphanage. To-day our legion arrived in Afion Karahissar and at the first opportunity I came to see you. [*Standing at his full height and throwing out his arms.*] Here I am, Araxi, your little brother Aram. Do you find him greatly changed?

ARAXI

Yes! The boy whom mother thought would be a priest is gone.

ARAM

Do you regret his going?

ARAXI

Very much! I would have preferred your being a priest to being a soldier.

ARAM

[*Dejectedly.*] You are as religious as ever.

ARAXI

[*With deep conviction.*] Yes! More than ever! And why not? What we Armenians need is a great spiritual leader. Perhaps if we had had such a leader these last years, we would not have suffered so terribly, or at least not suffered in vain. We, descendants of the first Christian nation, hoped to win political liberty by war, by killing our fellow-men. And now that we have failed, we kill for revenge. Aram, the great tragedy of our nation was not the conquest of our country by the Turks, nor was it the great massacres and deportations of recent years, the signal for which was the discovery by the Turks of the revolutionary schemes of a few hot-heads like yourself. The great tragedy for us has been the Turks' conquest of our soul. In our hearts they have replaced love and forgiveness with hatred and revenge.

ARAM

[*Angrily.*] You are a fool! Would you have us love assassins and forgive murderers?

ARAXI

[*Sadly but firmly.*] Only in that way can you conquer them.

[Suddenly the muezzin's call rings out from the minaret of the neighboring mosque. "Allah eekber, Allah eekber, eish haddon inne la ilahe illallah, eish hadon inne la ilahe illallah, eish hadon Mohammed resould oullah, hayyalesselah, hayyalesselah, hazzalelfelah, hazzalelfelah." (God is great! God is great! There is no God but Allah! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet! Hurry to prayer! Hurry to prayer! Hurry to redemption! Hurry to redemption!)* The music of the well trained voice is wonderfully beautiful. ARAXI and ARAM stand silently listening until the call ends. Both are deeply moved.]

ARAXI

[Listlessly.] It's sunset. The muezzin is calling the faithful to prayer.

ARAM

[Fiercely.] It's the same voice that called them to massacre. What wouldn't I give to silence it forever. [A thoughtful moment and then turning brusquely towards the door.] Good bye, Araxi. It's late. I must be getting back to my regiment. [He kisses her.] I will come to see you again soon. [Goes out hurriedly.]

[ARAXI follows her brother to the door and as she stands looking after him, the muezzin's call is again

* NOTE: The muezzin's call to prayer is heard five times daily, at sunrise, noon, two hours before sunset, sunset, and two hours after sunset. It is always given in Arabic and to the Westerner travelling in Moslem lands, it soon becomes a symbolic reminder of the power and inertia of Islam.

heard. This wakes her from her reveries and she goes out through the door on the right. MARGARET enters immediately from the courtyard and closes and bolts the door. The muezzin's call is heard for the third time. She goes to the window and gazes towards the minaret, high up upon which the muezzin stands.]

MARGARET

[Looking upward and speaking in a soft and fervent voice after the last note of the muezzin has died away.]
Oh, Father! Help us in this moment of uncertainty! Have mercy on these children who have suffered so much. Spare them any further misery. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

[Suddenly there is a loud banging on the courtyard door. MARGARET turns and faces the door undecided what to do. The banging ceases for a moment and then begins again.]

MARGARET

Who is it?

VOICE

For the love of God, open!

MARGARET

Who are you? What do you want?

VOICE

It's Aram Gadarian—brother of Araxi. I was here but a moment ago. If you don't let me in, I'll be killed.

[MARGARET opens the door and ARAM stumbles into the room. He is covered with dust and has lost his *kalpak*.]

ARAM

Where can I hide?

MARGARET

What has happened?

ARAM

The Greeks have suddenly retreated and the Turks have advanced. I ran into a group of them coming up the hill. They opened fire but I managed to get away. I don't think they saw me come here, but I'm not sure.

MARGARET

You shouldn't have come. You are putting all the children in danger.

ARAM

There was no other place to go. This is the only building on the hill besides the mosque. It's still light and tonight there's a full moon. I was bound to be discovered if I remained outside. Let me stay here till early tomorrow morning. Then, when the moon has gone down and the sun hasn't yet risen, I'll be able to make my way back to the Greek lines. [*A knock is heard on the courtyard door. ARAM draws his revolver.*]

MARGARET

Who is there?

VOICE

An officer of the Turkish army. Open!

ARAM

[*Whispering.*] Where shall I go?

MARGARET

Quickly! In here!

[*She opens the closet door and half pushes ARAM into the closet. Then locking the door, she puts the key into the pocket of her coat. The knocking begins again more violently.*]

VOICE

If you don't open at once, I'll have my men break down the door.

MARGARET

Right away! [*She opens.*]

[*LIEUTENANT FETHI BEY enters followed by two soldiers who take positions at either side of the door. The LIEUTENANT is about twenty-five, tall, well-built, and military in his bearing.*]

FETHI BEY

Excuse our disturbing you, madam, but General Osman Pasha, commanding the first Turkish army corps, has decided to make his headquarters here. I believe this is an American orphanage.

MARGARET

Yes!

FETHI BEY

I'd like to see the director.

MARGARET

I'm in charge.

FETHI BEY

Very good! We would like a bed-room for the general, a large room in which the staff officers can sleep, and a dining room. Do you think you can manage this?

MARGARET

I'll try!

FETHI BEY

I hope you have no objections to the general making this room his office.

MARGARET

No!

FETHI BEY

You are very kind. There is no need of your disturbing yourself further just now. My men will arrange everything. I'll try to displace your things as little as possible.

MARGARET

Excuse me. I shall see about the other rooms.

[*The LIEUTENANT salutes MARGARET as she leaves.*]

FETHI BEY

[*To his men.*] Bring in the field desk and tell the corporal to report to the general that everything is arranged.
[*The men salute and go out.*]

[*The LIEUTENANT lights a cigarette and smokes leisurely. He spies the typewriter, goes to it, and tries a few of the keys. A sergeant enters and salutes.*]

FETHI BEY

What is it?

SERGEANT

Sir, four men report that a Greek officer has taken refuge in this building.

FETHI BEY

When?

SERGEANT

In the last ten minutes.

FETHI BEY

Did they see him enter?

SERGEANT

No, sir! A platoon met him coming down the hill. They fired at him but he escaped. They feel sure he took refuge here. It's the only building on the hill except for the mosque.

FETHI BEY

Put a strong guard about the grounds. We will search the building later.

SERGEANT

Yes, sir. [*Salutes and goes out.*]

[*The two soldiers enter carrying the field desk which they set down against the right wall. The LIEUTENANT opens it with a key from his pocket and the soldiers unfold it and set it up on two wooden horses which were strapped to its sides. They again take up their positions at either side of the entrance. GENERAL OSMAN PASHA enters followed by SAÏD NOURI BEY. The LIEUTENANT and soldiers salute. The GENERAL is tall and broad-shouldered—a man of great physical force. His uniform is well-tailored and bears some marks of heavy riding on dusty roads. He wears a kalpak of fine Persian lamb's wool and high leather boots. Although he is probably not over thirty-five years, his face is already marked with numerous lines. His hair is black with a tinge of gray, and his eyes, which are steel blue, have a most penetrating gaze. SAÏD NOURI BEY, who accompanies the General, is a small thin Dunmeh (Moslem Jew) faultlessly dressed in European clothes and wearing a fez. He has a large, finely formed nose, prominent forehead, black thoughtful eyes, and black bushy eyebrows. He speaks softly but with conviction.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Looking about the room.*] Well, Lieutenant, you have found us very comfortable quarters.

FETHI BEY

Yes, sir! They're quite exceptional.

OSMAN PASHA

Is this the American orphanage you spoke of?

FETHI BEY

Yes, sir!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Laying down his riding stock on the desk and removing his gloves.*] The Americans have a genius for comfort. In truth, their gods are comfort and success. [*He tosses his gloves on the desk.*]

FETHI BEY

You apparently don't admire the Americans. There are many of our leaders who believe the United States is the model which the New Turkey should follow. They hope to develop Angora into a second Washington and Smyrna into a second New York.

OSMAN PASHA

No! I don't admire them! I fear them! With their schools, their churches, and their banks, they are penetrating everywhere. I believe them to be more dangerous than the French or British. Their resources are greater. Then, too, their reputation of being disinterested is a priceless weapon.

SAÏD BEY

I really believe they are disinterested. As yet they are not fully conscious of their power. Nor do the various institutions which they have built up throughout Anatolia represent conscious steps towards imperialistic domination as is so largely true of those belonging to the French and British. Some day, perhaps, imperialism will capture the imagination of the American people and then they will find that these institutions have prepared the way for their supremacy.

FETHI BEY

The Old Turkey may have had reason to fear the imperialism of the Western Powers. But the New Turkey will fear no one. Three centuries ago the nations of Europe trembled at the mere mention of our name. Three years ago they divided up our homeland without even consulting us. Religion brought us to this miserable state. Mohammedanism, a faith of ignorant nomads of the desert, has hung like a mill-stone about our neck. Happily, we are at last throwing it off, and our new-won freedom is giving us new strength.

SAÏD BEY

What do you believe will replace Mohammedanism in the lives of the people?

FETHI BEY

Nationalism—the love and glorification of country! It is now but two years since Turkey was utterly crushed. The Sultan in Constantinople was on his knees before the

Allies. To save his throne, the traitor was ready to accept any terms. Fortunately there were a few patriots with courage to revolt. They appealed to the patriotism of the people and succeeded in raising an army. To-day that army is about to drive the Greeks into the sea. Nationalism has brought Turkey its first real triumph in three hundred years.

OSMAN PASHA

I doubt if Nationalism, powerful force that it is, will be able to completely replace Mohammedanism. However, Fethi, my boy, I like to hear you talk as you do. Enthusiasm gives youth its charm.

FETHI BEY

The leaders at Angora think as I do.

OSMAN PASHA

Yes. And their philosophy seems to work. I suppose that is a fairly good test of its truth.

SAÏD BEY

Nationalism may triumph in war. But can it also solve the problems of peace?

MARGARET

[*Entering from the right and walking up to the LIEUTENANT.*] I have given orders to arrange everything as you requested. All the rooms will be ready in an hour.

FETHI BEY

Thank you! [*To OSMAN PASHA.*] Sir! This is the directress of the orphanage.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Bowing stiffly.*] Allow me to thank you for your hospitality.

MARGARET

It is nothing. If you will excuse me, I shall now return to the children. Your coming has upset them.

OSMAN PASHA

There is no need to fear anything. We have chosen this building as army corps headquarters because it is entirely outside of any field of probable action. The Greeks are executing a strategic retreat and will not, we have every reason to believe, make a stand until much nearer the coast.

MARGARET

Thank you! What you say is very reassuring. [*Turns to go. As she leaves, she glances nervously towards the door of the closet.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*To FETHI BEY.*] Have a carriage with two good horses come to the courtyard gate as soon as possible. Saïd Bey is leaving immediately for Angora.

FETHI BEY

Yes, sir! [*Salutes and goes out.*]

OSMAN PASHA

Our hostess is a very beautiful woman.

SAÏD BEY

Yes! And have you not remarked that Western women in general possess great charm, although they usually lack everything which we Easterners prize in women. Where in this woman is the plumpness and docility we value so highly? She is built like a youth—supple and strong, and she has the self-confidence which among us is only found in men.

OSMAN PASHA

I wonder what it is that has brought her here?

SAÏD BEY

Religion!

OSMAN PASHA

Do you think so? Isn't it more likely the search for adventure and excitement, the desire to escape from the monotonous existence that is characteristic of the West?

SAÏD BEY

Perhaps that is true of some young missionaries, but their sort don't stay long. In my work for the Ministry of Education, I have had much to do with the American missionaries. In general, I have found them motivated by a deep religious passion as is the case with many of our dervishes. However, they give expression to it in far more useful ways. Nursing the sick, helping the poor, and teaching

the young, serve for them what whirling, howling, and self-torture do for the dervishes.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Thoughtfully.*] Perhaps you are right. [*Suddenly changing the conversation.*] How soon do you expect to be in Angora?

SAÏD BEY

In two days.

OSMAN PASHA

By then we should be well on our way towards Smyrna.

SAÏD BEY

You are very optimistic.

OSMAN PASHA

My hopes are well founded. The Greeks are completely demoralized. Abandoned by their allies, they have lost all hope. With good fortune we can turn this strategic retreat into a rout. We plan to attack just before dawn when the retreat will be in full swing.

SAÏD BEY

Have you thought any of what is to come after victory?

OSMAN PASHA

That is a problem for the politicians, not for us soldiers.

SAÏD BEY

The old politicians are all discredited. The New Turkey will take its leaders from the army. These leaders will not be able to reëstablish the old régime. The conquered Christian and Moslem peoples upon whose tribute we ruling class Turks have always lived have either won their freedom or fled the country. The Turkish peasants and workers cannot support a great idle military class and a huge army of useless bureaucrats.

OSMAN PASHA

What do you propose?

SAÏD BEY

We must all become workers. There is need for merchants, bankers, doctors, engineers—technicians of all sorts. We must go to school to the West. That means doing away with the Moslem's contempt of the infidel, for how can we learn from those we despise? And also, Turkey will need in the difficult days to come the loyal aid of all her inhabitants—Moslem, Christian, and Jew.

OSMAN PASHA

Saïd, you are ever the same. I remember that even at school, the problems of the world weighed heavily on your soul.

FETHI BEY

[*Entering from the courtyard.*] The carriage is ready, sir.

SAÏD BEY

[To FETHI BEY.] Thank you! [To OSMAN PASHA.]
I must be going.

OSMAN PASHA

We shall meet again in Smyrna.

SAÏD BEY

I hope in Angora.

OSMAN PASHA

Why?

SAÏD BEY

You are needed there most. [Salaaming.] Khosh-jakalun-uz.

OSMAN PASHA

[Salaaming.] Selametleh. [He turns to FETHI BEY as SAÏD BEY goes out.] Put the two guards at the gate. I will try to get a few hours' sleep. If there's any news of importance awaken me.

FETHI BEY

Yes, sir! [Goes out.]

[It is now quite dark. The two guards close the courtyard door. The GENERAL removes his belt with the attached revolver and carefully lays it on the desk at the rear which already bears his riding stock and gloves. Then, taking off his kalpak and tunic, and kicking off his boots, he sits down in one armchair, props his feet upon another, and prepares to go to sleep.]

CURTAIN FALLS

SCENE 2: *The curtain remains lowered for a minute to denote the passing of a number of hours. It rises again on the same scene illuminated only by the starlight coming through the long window at the rear. The figure of OSMAN PASHA can be hazily distinguished reclining in the two armchairs in which he had installed himself the previous evening. He is sound asleep. The door at the right back opens slowly and MARGARET softly enters. She is in slippers and dressing gown and her hair is plaited in a heavy braid which reaches almost to her waist. Stealthily she makes her way towards the closet door. When she is half way there, OSMAN PASHA moves suddenly in his sleep causing the chair upon which he is sitting to creak loudly. MARGARET stops. The general again still, she continues. With a start, OSMAN PASHA awakens, jumps to his feet, and automatically reaches for his revolver.*

OSMAN PASHA

Who's there?

MARGARET

It's I, the directress of the orphanage. I've come to get some medicine for a sick child. Excuse me for disturbing you.

OSMAN PASHA

Why didn't you knock?

MARGARET

I saw no light, so I thought no one was here.

OSMAN PASHA

Haven't you a doctor?

MARGARET

No!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Kindly.*] The health of all those children must be quite a responsibility.

MARGARET

Yes! It is!

OSMAN PASHA

We are short of medical officers, but if you have a serious case, I will be glad to assign one to you.

MARGARET

Thank you! It's nothing that I can't handle myself.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Adopting an attitude of friendly inquisitiveness.*] May I ask if you have been long in Turkey? You speak our language fluently.

MARGARET

I was born in Turkey.

OSMAN PASHA

[*With intensified interest.*] Really!

MARGARET

Yes! My parents are missionaries. They are still at the mission in Marash. They sent me to school in America when I was twelve years old.

OSMAN PASHA

Were you there long?

MARGARET

Until a few years ago when I returned to help in the work for these unfortunate little children.

OSMAN PASHA

[*His attitude is now frankly admiring.*] And how did you find Turkey on returning? Had it greatly changed?

MARGARET

I suppose my impressions might be compared to those of a man who has spent his youth living on a quiescent volcano and who returns after many years to find it in eruption.

OSMAN PASHA

An interesting comparison.

MARGARET

At least it is an appropriate one. The prejudices, rivalries, hates, and fanaticism, that we all knew existed beneath the tranquil surface of life in Turkey, broke out into violence, causing terrible suffering.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Somewhat sadly.*] And do you also hold us Turks primarily responsible for this?

MARGARET

It's not for me but for God to judge.

[FETHI BEY *enters without knocking.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Brusquely.*] What is it?

FETHI BEY

Sir, the Greeks have apparently set fire to the city. Flames can be seen springing up in many places.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Going to the window and looking out.*] That indicates that their retreat is fully under way. We must attack immediately. [*Totally ignoring MARGARET, he hurriedly puts on his kalpak, tunic, belts, and boots, and goes out followed by the LIEUTENANT. MARGARET closes the courtyard door and bolts it. Going to the closet, she takes the key from the pocket of her dressing gown and unlocks the door.*]

MARGARET

[*Throwing open the closet door.*] Quickly! They may return at any moment. [ARAM *walks out.*]

[*Stretching himself and flexing his arms and legs to get rid of stiffness.*] Which way shall I go?

MARGARET

The building is closely guarded on all sides except this. [*Points towards the rear.*] You can go out through the window and make your way down the face of the precipice. The city is burning and the Turks are about to attack. In the excitement, you should be able to pass through the Turkish lines.

[*ARAM walks to the window and carefully surveys the descent. Suddenly a great roar of cannon is heard as the Turkish offensive begins. The noise of battle rises and falls. Occasionally there is a shrill whistle and a loud explosion as a shell falls near by. The staccato firing of machine guns is heard. There are short moments of absolute quiet. The sky takes on a deeper and deeper tinge of red from the ever increasing flames of the burning city. A reddish glare illuminates the room.*

ARAM

[*Turning towards MARGARET.*] Good-bye! You have been very brave. I shall always be grateful.

[*Someone tries the handle of the courtyard door and finding the door locked rattles the handle violently.*]

MARGARET

Go!

ARAM

[*In a whisper.*] Who is it?

MARGARET

I don't know! Go! Or it will be too late!

VOICE OF FETHI BEY

[*Angrily from outside the door.*] Open! What do you mean by locking the door?

ARAM

It's the general! [*Drawing his revolver and aiming it at the door.*] Open! I will get him as he passes the threshold. My life for Osman Pasha's is a fair exchange.

MARGARET

[*Fiercely grabbing the revolver from ARAM's hand.*] Fool! Do you want to have us all killed?

VOICE OF OSMAN PASHA

Lieutenant! Bring over those men and have them break this lock.

VOICE OF FETHI BEY

Yes, sir.

ARAM

[*Menacingly.*] Give me that gun! You shall not cheat me of my revenge.

MARGARET

Are you mad?

ARAM

God has delivered this man into my hands! [*He endeavors to take the gun from MAGARET.*]

MARGARET

[*Drawing back and pointing the revolver at ARAM.*]

Do you want to see all these children massacred? Do as I say or I'll kill you.

ARAM

Are you in love with this Turk that you defend him so passionately? [*Heavy blows are heard on the courtyard door.*]

MARGARET

[*In a determined voice and continuing to point the pistol at ARAM.*] Get into the closet! [*ARAM backs slowly into the closet. She slams the door, hurriedly locks it, and puts the key in the pocket of her dressing gown. The blows against the courtyard door continue. ARAM begins pounding on the closet door.*] For God's sake, keep quiet! Think at least of your sister! [*ARAM ceases his pounding. The courtyard door begins to give way.*] Wait! Wait! I'll open! [*She hurriedly hides the revolver under the cushion of an armchair and then opens the courtyard door. OSMAN PASHA enters and regards her suspiciously.*] Excuse me. I'm so in the habit of bolting the door before going upstairs that I did it without thinking. It wasn't until I was half-way to the dormitories that I heard your knocking and realized that I had locked you out. I hurried right back.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Severely.*]

Thank you!

[In the growing light he is struck by Margaret's beauty which is heightened by her costume and the flush of excitement.]

MARGARET

[Flustered by OSMAN's long and intense gaze, she goes hurriedly towards the door at the right.] I must look after my sick girl. *[Goes out.]*

[OSMAN PASHA follows her with a questioning look. The LIEUTENANT enters. The two soldiers again take up their positions at either side of the entrance.]

OSMAN PASHA

[To FETHI BEY.] Let me have the map of this sector.

[FETHI BEY takes the map from the field desk and hands it to him. By now the first streaks of dawn have mingled with the glare from the burning city and it is quite light. The GENERAL, unfolding the map, sits down in the chair under the cushion of which MARGARET has hidden ARAM's revolver. He immediately rises, raises the cushion, and uncovers the pistol. Picking it up, he turns again to the LIEUTENANT.] How'd this get here?

FETHI BEY

[Surprised.] I don't know!

OSMAN PASHA

[Examining the revolver closely.] It's a British Army model. The Greeks have been supplied with British ordnance. Did the Greeks make any use of this building?

FETHI BEY

No, sir! Not that I know of!

OSMAN PASHA

Strange thing to find in an orphanage. And why should it be under that cushion?

FETHI BEY

I wonder if it could have any connection with the Greek officer that some of our men believed took refuge here.

OSMAN PASHA

When?

FETHI BEY

Shortly before we arrived.

OSMAN PASHA

Has a search been made?

FETHI BEY

No, sir! I put a strong guard about the building and intended making a search, but after questioning the men who made the report, I didn't believe it worth while. They had fired half-way up the hill at a man in uniform who immediately disappeared. They didn't see where he went, so surmised he came here. Hardly sufficient evidence, I thought, to turn the orphanage upside down.

OSMAN PASHA

We had better make a search immediately. A number of suspicious incidents have occurred this morning. Have the directress come here.

FETHI BEY

Yes, sir! [*Goes out through the door at the right.*]

[*The GENERAL examines the revolver carefully and lays it on the desk. He walks slowly about the room regarding everything closely. He looks under the cushions of all the armchairs. Finally he tries the door of the closet. The LIEUTENANT enters followed by both MARGARET and ARAXI. ARAXI, as MARGARET, wears a dressing gown and slippers.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*To MARGARET.*] A very serious affair has just come to my attention which may involve some of your assistants. We have reasons to believe that a Greek officer is hidden in this building.

MARGARET

There must be some mistake. Such a thing could not happen without my knowledge.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Taking the revolver from the desk.*] I have found this revolver hidden under the cushion of that chair. Do you know to whom it belongs?

MARGARET

[*Hesitating.*] No, unless to Mr. Travers.

OSMAN PASHA

Who is Mr. Travers?

MARGARET

He is my American associate. He left for Smyrna last evening.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Regarding MARGARET doubtfully.*] Would you mind accompanying the Lieutenant while he makes a thorough search of the building?

MARGARET

Not at all!

OSMAN PASHA

[*To FETHI BEY.*] Take those two men with you. You can begin here. Where does that door lead to? [*He points to the closet door. The LIEUTENANT tries to open it.*]

FETHI BEY

It's locked!

MARGARET

That's a closet containing supplies.

OSMAN PASHA

Who has the key?

MARGARET

Why, Mr. Travers usually has it. [*Turning to ARAXI.*] Do you know if Mr. Travers gave the key to anyone before he left?

ARAXI

No! He said nothing to me.

OSMAN PASHA

Isn't there another key?

MARGARET

Yes! I think there is.

OSMAN PASHA

Where is it?

MARGARET

I don't know exactly. I'll have to look.

OSMAN PASHA

Don't bother! [*To one of the soldiers.*] Break the lock!

[*The soldier with the butt of his gun destroys the lock in a single blow. The LIEUTENANT opens the door. ARAM walks out defiantly.*]

ARAXI

Aram! [*She rushes to him. He calmly puts his arm about her and strokes her hair gently as she sobs on his breast.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*To ARAM.*] You are not a Greek!

ARAM

[*Proudly.*] I'm an Armenian!

OSMAN PASHA

Where do you come from?

ARAM

I was born in Marash.

OSMAN PASHA

And you are an officer in the Greek army?

ARAM

Yes! I'm a lieutenant!

OSMAN PASHA

Young man, you are a Turkish subject fighting with the enemy and therefore guilty of treason. The punishment for treason is death. Lieutenant, this man is to be shot at sunrise. [*Glancing out the window.*] You have about a quarter of an hour to make the necessary preparations. Also put the young lady under arrest. I will deal with her case later.

ARAM

I'm ready to die, but why punish my sister? God knows she never even wished the Turks any harm. If she had

had her way, we would never have lifted a hand against you.

MARGARET

The girl is innocent. It was I who hid her brother in the closet. She knew nothing about it. That revolver is his and I took it from him when he was about to shoot you as you came through the door.

[FETHI BEY turns questioningly to OSMAN PASHA who at first is taken aback, then advances to MARGARET as if to thank her, but suddenly regains his military severity.]

OSMAN PASHA

Lieutenant, you have your orders.

LIEUTENANT

Yes, sir! [*Conducts ARAM and ARAXI into the courtyard. A soldier marches at either side of them.*]

MARGARET

[*Turning fiercely on the GENERAL.*] What are you going to do with the girl?

OSMAN PASHA

On your statement, I will free her. But I will have to put you under arrest.

MARGARET

[*Ignoring his reference to her.*] And her brother? You can't kill him like that in cold blood.

OSMAN PASHA

He's a traitor!

MARGARET

But he should at least have a trial.

OSMAN PASHA

There is no time. We have more important things to do. Besides the result would be the same.

MARGARET

[*Pleadingly.*]

Have you no mercy, no pity?

OSMAN PASHA

As a man, I pity this young fellow. But as a soldier and a Moslem, I must order his execution.

MARGARET

[*Scornfully.*]

Does it mean nothing to you to kill a human being?

OSMAN PASHA

To us Mohammedans, these people are not human beings. They are infidels! As long as they were not dangerous, we tolerated them. For five centuries we allowed them full religious liberties. But now that they have revolted against us, we do not hesitate to exterminate them.

MARGARET

Oh! If I could only make you feel as we do. You live to kill while we live to save. From the other end of the world we have come to save the victims of your hate.

OSMAN PASHA

If your countrymen hadn't come to us for the last hundred years with their schools and churches, there would be no need of your coming to-day with orphanages and hospitals. These subject people of ours were happy, prosperous, and contented until you filled their heads with ideas of liberty and self-determination. They thought you would back up your fine phrases with armies and battleships and, dreaming fondly of your help, they revolted. It is only just that now you should support the orphans you have helped to make. [MARGARET makes no reply. An orderly enters, salutes, and hands the GENERAL a message. After reading it, he addresses the orderly.] Tell Captain Ahmed Bey to prepare everything for the headquarters detachment to leave immediately.

ORDERLY

Yes, sir! [*Salutes and goes out.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Triumphantly to MARGARET.*] Good news! The Greeks are utterly routed. They are making for the coast in great disorder.

[*A detachment of soldiers is heard entering the courtyard. A sharp "halt!" brings them to a standstill. There are a number of rapid commands accompa-*

nied by a rattling of rifles. Suddenly the orders "Ready! Aim! Fire!" ring out, followed by a volley of shots and the piercing scream of a woman. The silence for a moment is oppressive.]

OSMAN PASHA

[Addressing MARGARET in a matter-of-fact tone.] Madame, it is sunrise!

MARGARET

[Passionately.] Brute! Beast!

[The muezzin's call is heard. MARGARET throws herself on her knees before an armchair and with her head buried in the cushion, she sobs softly. The GENERAL regards her half sympathetically and half admiringly as he draws on his gloves. When he picks up his riding stock from the desk at the rear he notices MARGARET's handkerchief which she left there the evening before. He picks it up, examines it thoughtfully, touches it lightly to his nose, and then tucks it in the pocket of his tunic. FETHI BEY enters as the muezzin's call ends.]

OSMAN PASHA

Lieutenant, this lady is a prisoner. Take her to the palace of Djevat Pasha where she is to remain until further instructions from me. You will stay there as her guard. Treat her with every consideration. Allow her to take whatever she wishes with her.

FETHI BEY

Yes, sir!

[OSMAN PASHA *walks out leisurely, casting a last glance at MARGARET as he disappears. The muezzin's call is repeated. Two soldiers enter and prepare to pack up the field desk.*]

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT II

SCENE 1: *The scene is the garden of the palace of DJEVAT PASHA one month later. DJEVAT PASHA is the father of OSMAN PASHA and his palace is located in the interior of Anatolia. The garden is divided into two parts by a vine-clad wall which runs down the middle of the stage from the palace in the rear. The portion on the left side of the wall belongs to the Selamlik (men's quarters of the palace) and that on the right to the Haremlik (quarters reserved for the harem). A small door with a Moorish arch which is set in the center of the wall is the only connection between these two parts of the palace.*

The Selamlik garden is well shaded by a number of sycamore trees and is bounded on the left by a second wall which has a double iron gate standing open. In the rear, a door at the top of three steps opens into the palace. A few brightly painted wicker chairs and a wicker table are set about the garden, which judged by its general appearance might be that of any well-to-do Western European or American.

The Haremlik garden presents an entirely different aspect. Its furnishings and arrangement are purely oriental. A deep porch, the floor of which is covered with fine oriental rugs and is but a single step above the ground, extends along its rear and right side. Opening into the palace from this porch are large glass window-doors. Scattered about

the garden proper are numerous large well-stuffed cushions upon which the actors sit drawing their legs up under them. There are three or four elaborately carved and pearl inlaid taborets which bear boxes of cigarettes, leaf tobacco, a brass bowl filled with live coals, and a narghile. It is late afternoon but the sun still reaches the garden. However, as the action proceeds, it disappears, and the light diminishes.

When the curtain rises, the scene is deserted. Immediately DJEVAT PASHA enters the Selamlik garden through the gate on the left. Tall and broad-shouldered like his son, he is still agile although well past sixty, and makes with his fine white beard an imposing figure. He is dressed in a loose linen blouse, a blue vest embroidered with black thread, large full black silk trousers drawn in at the ankles, and red pointed slippers of fine calfskin. From his shoulders hangs a long black cloak and his head-dress consists of a cream colored silk turban. He glances about the Selamlik garden and then passing through the door in the wall, enters the Haremlik garden, where he sits down on one of the cushions.

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Calling loudly.*] Tewfik! Tewfik!

[*Through one of the window-doors at the rear of the porch, a small stout figure comes running. It is TEWFIK, the eunuch. He is not quite four feet high and is extremely agile in spite of his obesity. His face is small, ruddy, and hairless, but marked with many lines showing that he is well along in middle life. Both a pathetic and humorous figure, he resembles the court jester of medieval times, and*

realizing his function in life is to serve and to amuse he goes about everything with an exaggerated gusto. Seeing DJEVAT, he salaams as low as his stoutness permits.]

DJEVAT PASHA

Good! You're here! I thought you might have been off in the park with the women.

TEWFIK

No, sire, the ladies of the harem did not go out this afternoon.

DJEVAT PASHA

Prepare my narghile!

TEWFIK

Yes, sire. [*He prepares the narghile by putting a few leaves of tobacco in the bowl and a live coal on top of the tobacco.*]

DJEVAT PASHA

Has the American lady remained in her room all day?

TEWFIK

Yes, sire.

DJEVAT PASHA

Has Osman seen her?

TEWFIK

No, sire.

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Grunting.*] Humph! Humph! [*After a thoughtful moment.*] You are to be congratulated, Tewfik.

TEWFIK

Why, sire?

DJEVAT PASHA

Because women and love mean nothing to you.

TEWFIK

[*With doubt in his voice.*] Yes, sire.

DJEVAT PASHA

Do you know if Lieutenant Fethi Bey is still here?

TEWFIK

Yes, sire. He and Osman Pasha have been together most of the day.

DJEVAT PASHA

Tell the women to come into the garden for coffee.

TEWFIK

Yes, sire. I will tell the ladies of the harem of their master's wishes. [*Salaams and goes out.*]

[DJEVAT PASHA *puffs away silently at his narghile. Shortly, his three wives enter. They are all dressed in brightly colored silk mashlaks embroidered with gold thread. SEDIKA, his first wife and the mother of OSMAN, is about the same age as her husband.*]

ERMINA, *the second wife, is about forty, and ANNA, his third wife, an Armenian girl and a Christian, is about twenty-five. They sit down on various cushions and work at embroidery and sewing that they have brought with them.*]

DJEVAT PASHA

Sedika, have you spoken to your son to-day?

SEDIKA

I saw him a moment this morning immediately after his arrival, but since then he has not come in to see me.

DJEVAT PASHA

I'm greatly worried about him.

SEDIKA

He seemed very unhappy. What is wrong?

DJEVAT PASHA

He is in love with his prisoner.

SEDIKA

I've thought so, ever since I learned it was he who sent her here. She is very beautiful.

DJEVAT PASHA

She is a Christian!

SEDIKA

What of it? Have not Christian girls entered Turkish harems for many centuries? They have always made good wives. The mothers of most of the Sultans were Christians. Is not Anna a Christian? Besides I like this American girl. She is kind and good. I can tell by her eyes and voice. I'm sure she'll make Osman a good wife.

ERMINA

I, too, like her very much.

DJEVAT PASHA

You don't understand. This girl can't live like our women. She comes from a busy world where she did the work of a man. And she is not just an ordinary Christian. She is a missionary. Anna, you have spoken much to her these days. What does she think of us?

ANNA

She is much bewildered by what she has seen here. I shall never forget her surprise when I told her that Sedika and Ermina were making clothes for my baby. [*They all laugh.*] Then, too, she can't understand how I can continue to be a Christian although living here among you. Nor can she comprehend why you, a great pasha, took as one of your wives, a poor Armenian girl like me.

DJEVAT PASHA

Has she never spoken of Osman?

ANNA

Yes, she thinks him very cruel to have taken her away from the orphans who need her so badly.

DJEVAT PASHA

She does not suspect Osman's real reason for abducting her?

ANNA

No! I'm sure she thinks herself a military prisoner.

DJEVAT PASHA

But she must wonder why she is confined here.

ANNA

Perhaps! She has never spoken to me about it.

[TEWFIK *enters with coffee and sweets and serves everyone.*]

ERMINA

Tewfik, have you any new stories to tell us?

TEWFIK

I have just learned of some new exploits of Nasreddin Hodja.

DJEVAT PASHA

What has the honorable hodja been doing lately?

TEWFIK

[*Sitting on a cushion on the porch from which he dominates his whole audience.*] As you know, Nasreddin Hodja is an extremely proud man and he loves to have the admiration of his fellow-men. Only yesterday he was eating cucumbers by the roadside, and as he ate, he peeled the cucumbers very thickly, saying to himself, "Let whoever passes this way afterwards think that it was a gentleman who ate cucumbers here." When the cucumbers were all finished he was still hungry, so he collected the peels and scraped them thin, saying, "Let the passers-by imagine also that the gentleman had some servants." The scrapings eaten and his appetite still unsatisfied, he collected the peels and ate them up, saying proudly, "Let them think the gentleman had a horse as well." He then went on his way well satisfied with the impression he left behind him. [*Everybody laughs heartily.*]

ERMINA .

Tell us another!

[*As TEWFIK is about to begin again, ANNA throws a cushion at him, knocking him over. Before he can get up, the three women are upon him, poking him in the stomach with their fingers. He cries out in a high shrill voice, causing the women to laugh merrily. Finally managing to get on his feet, he endeavors to run away, but his tormentors pursue him closely. After a few turns about the garden, during which numerous cushions are thrown at him, he dashes into the house with the women at his heels.*]

During the above uproar SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI EFFENDI has entered the Selamlık garden through the gate. He is a man of more than seventy years with a long white beard and is dressed in the costume of the Dervish order of which he is the chief. This costume consists of a dark blue gown falling straight from the shoulders to the ground, a dark green cape, and a tall brown conical head-dress rounded at the top with a green turban wound about it. He carries a long wooden staff. Finding no one in the Selamlık garden and hearing the shouts from over the wall, he goes to the door and raps on it with his staff. DJEVAT PASHA rises, opens the door, and passes into the Selamlık garden.]

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Salaaming.*] Selamoun aleikoum.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Salaaming.*] Aleikoum es selam. I've come to welcome Osman back. Is he in the palace?

DJEVAT PASHA

I believe he is in the Selamlık. [*He claps his hands three times and a small negro boy comes out from the palace and salaams very low.*] Tell Osman Pasha that Sheik Mohammed Ali Effendi is here and desires to see him. [*The boy salaams and retires.*]

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Is Osman in good health?

DJEVAT PASHA

Yes! Excellent!

SHEIK MOHAMMED

I feared that he might be ill. Was not his return rather unexpected?

DJEVAT PASHA

Yes! Perhaps! But then the fighting is all over and he wanted a rest.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

He has earned it. It was he who led the attack on Smyrna. All the world is talking of his skill and courage.

[OSMAN PASHA *enters from the palace. He is dressed in a smart walking suit and wears a fez.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Salaaming.*] Selamoun aleikoum.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Salaaming.*] Aleikoum es selam. [*Approaching OSMAN.*] Welcome, in the name of Allah. It has been a glorious victory which you have won. The infidel has been driven into the sea. You, my dear Osman, are a modern Saladin and like him of old you have glorified the crescent and vanquished the cross.

OSMAN PASHA

Mohammed Effendi, you pay me too great an honor. Remember, I was but one of many.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*To DJEVAT PASHA.*] He is a worthy descendant of his grandfather, the great, generous, and devout Osman Agha whose name is cherished throughout this land where many fountains, tekkés, and mosques bear witness to his generosity and holiness. [*To OSMAN PASHA.*] You are young. Before death comes to you, your name will ring throughout all Islam.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Smiling.*] And why will all Islam sing my praises?

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Because of the victories you will bring her. Dedicate your sword, Osman, to the service of the Prophet. For two hundred years Islam has been suffering cruelly. The Christian dogs have inflicted defeat after defeat upon us. A great part of the Moslem world is ruled by the infidel. Our brother dervishes from many lands bring news of the indignities and sufferings that our fellow-Moslems are forced to undergo at the hands of the hated giaour. But the tide has now turned. A Moslem army has won a great victory over the army of a Christian power. We must not stop. Turkey must again become the spear-head of Islam as under Souleiman the Magnificent. Osman, I cherish the idea that you, the grandson of my beloved friend and

the bearer of his name, will lead the armies of Turkey in this great struggle.

OSMAN PASHA

The world has changed since the days of Souleiman. Perhaps Turkey to-day will profit more by an honorable peace with the Christian powers than by continued warfare.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

A truce with the infidels to gather our forces may be considered, but a permanent peace—never! Not until all the world is under the sway of Islam can we think of peace. Would you have us be traitors to the Prophet?

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Diplomatically turning the conversation.*] Please sit down, Mohammed Effendi, and I will order some coffee.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

No, thank you. I just came in to welcome Osman back. I must hurry on to the tekké as I have been informed in the town that two messengers from Angora are waiting me. [*Turning to go.*] Allah be with you until we meet again. [*He salaams.*]

[OSMAN PASHA and DJEVAT PASHA accompany SHEIK MOHAMMED to the gate and salaam.]

OSMAN PASHA

[*As SHEIK MOHAMMED disappears.*] He is somewhat exalted. I'm afraid his dream of a purely Islamic world will never be realized.

DJEVAT PASHA

It is not wise to express any doubt in his presence. As head of the strongest order of dervishes in Islam, he possesses great power. I wonder what he would say if he knew you were in love with a Christian. [OSMAN PASHA *turns away without answering.*] You have not spoken to your prisoner as yet?

OSMAN PASHA

No!

DJEVAT PASHA

Why not?

OSMAN PASHA

I don't know just what to say.

DJEVAT PASHA

You'll have to take some action soon for you cannot keep her here forever. The American ambassador made a great fuss about her. The girl's sudden disappearance would have developed into an international issue if I hadn't secretly informed the ambassador that she is safe and will be released shortly.

OSMAN PASHA

Would you speak to her for me?

DJEVAT PASHA

[*A bit jocosely.*] That's quite an extraordinary demand from one of the most daring generals in the Turkish army.

OSMAN PASHA

I'm no longer a general.

DJEVAT PASHA

You resigned your command to devote yourself to winning the love of your prisoner and now you are afraid to see her.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Very seriously.*] Don't joke, father.

DJEVAT PASHA

You love her very much?

OSMAN PASHA

Yes! And I fear she despises me.

DJEVAT PASHA

Frankly, Osman, I can't see any good coming out of this affair. The girl's ways of life are very different from ours. She will never agree to live as one of our women.

OSMAN PASHA

But our life is changing. In ten years there will be no difference between Turkey and America.

DJEVAT PASHA

There will always be the difference of religion and this girl is an ardent Christian. And her Christianity is not

like Anna's—merely an inherited and conventional thing. It is her very soul.

OSMAN PASHA

I love her! Nothing else matters! I cannot live without her. Since that morning when she called me "Brute! Beast!" my thoughts have been only of her. [*Vehemently.*] Am I a brute? [DJEVAT PASHA *smiles but does not answer.*] Our splendid victory over the Greeks stirred within me neither interest nor enthusiasm. My one desire was to get rid of my command in order to come here and again see her.

DJEVAT PASHA

Why don't you tell her all this?

OSMAN PASHA

I fear her answer and want to postpone it as long as possible.

DJEVAT PASHA

The present situation is intolerable.

OSMAN PASHA

When you told her I was here, what did she say?

DJEVAT PASHA

She merely expressed the hope that she would soon be allowed to return to the orphanage. Since her arrival that has been her single desire. She is entirely devoted to those children.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Rising and speaking with resolution.*] Tomorrow I will see her. In the meantime, father, if you have the opportunity, prepare her for my declaration.

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Also rising.*] I'll do what I can.

[*The purr of a motor is heard outside the gate. It becomes louder as the machine halts and then suddenly stops.*]

OSMAN PASHA

I wonder who that can be.

DJEVAT PASHA

Probably some one from the government or army to see you. Only ministers and generals can afford automobiles these days. [*Turning towards the Haremlik.*] I'll try to see your prisoner. [*He passes through the door in the wall and enters the palace by one of the window-doors at the rear of the porch. SAÏD NOURI BEY enters through the gate.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Advancing to meet him.*] Welcome! [*Taking his hand.*] Where do you come from?

SAÏD BEY

[*Walking with OSMAN to the table.*] I've been touring the vilayet for the Minister of Education. I'm now on my way to Brussa.

OSMAN PASHA

It's good of you to have come to see me.

SAÏD BEY

[*Sitting down in the chair which OSMAN PASHA motions him to.*] I read in the Stamboul papers that you had quit the army and had decided to live the life of a gentleman farmer, now that the enemy has been driven from the country.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Sitting down.*] Father is getting old and the supervision of his great estate is a heavy task.

SAÏD BEY

But the country needs you.

OSMAN PASHA

It has plenty of generals far more capable than myself.

SAÏD BEY

That's a statement which is open to question but I was not thinking of the army. I have come to urge you to enter public life. Our great weakness is that we have no men of your caliber in the government at Angora.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Offering SAÏD a cigarette and taking one himself.*] Dear Saïd, ever since we were boys in school together, you have idealized me.

SAÏD BEY

[*After lighting his cigarette from a live coal in a small brass bowl lying on the table.*] Not at all! I feel I truly know you. [*Leaning towards his friend.*] Osman, I see in you the only man capable of leading Turkey out of her present state of moral turmoil.

OSMAN PASHA

Just what do you mean?

SAÏD BEY

I mean that the men who are ruling the country are unmoral. They are without principles to guide them. Mohammedanism has lost its grip upon them and they have found nothing to replace it. Their exaggerated nationalism can lead only to disaster.

OSMAN PASHA

But have we not just won a great victory under their leadership?

SAÏD BEY

Yes, thanks to the rivalries and war weariness of the nations of Europe. Fortunately these promise to continue and we can count on a breathing spell of a number of years. During this period, if we are to maintain our independence, we must become a modern state. From the West we will have to learn the sciences of modern government, finance, industry, commerce, and agriculture. In taking these we will lose our religion.

OSMAN PASHA

Why can't Mohammedanism adapt itself to modern life?

SAÏD BEY

The scientific method once adopted in a single phase of life will soon be applied to all. Our religion will go under the microscope. Men will discover that it is a mass of crude traditions and superstitions and Mohammed will be revealed as a clever soothsayer who skillfully played upon the credulity of his contemporaries. This process has made great headway with the leaders at Angora. Most of them, as you know, have been educated in Europe, and it is difficult to find a devout Moslem among them.

OSMAN PASHA

Even if what you say is true, I don't see that it endangers the future of the country.

SAÏD BEY

You must admit that no worth-while civilization can be built on other than a moral basis and that such a basis to withstand the assaults of selfishness must be founded in religion.

OSMAN PASHA

Yes. That is probably true. But exactly what is it that you have to propose?

SAÏD BEY

That Turkey find a religion compatible with its new life.

OSMAN PASHA

Is there such a religion?

SAÏD BEY

Yes! The religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Incredulously.*] Christianity!

SAÏD BEY

I didn't say Christianity. It's a long way from the faith of the Jewish carpenter to the religion that dominates the Western world to-day. Modern Christianity will not stand up under a scientific examination any more than Mohammedanism. But Christianity has this great advantage over Mohammedanism—its core is pure gold. A scientific study reveals Jesus as a religious leader of unique purity, courage, and understanding. The thoughtful Christian can tear away the theologies and liturgies with which the priests of two thousand years have smothered the religion of Jesus and find an ideal code of behavior and the inspiring example of a life gloriously lived.

OSMAN PASHA

But haven't the nations of the West achieved greatness although ignoring, as you say, the true religion of their prophet? For me there is not much difference between having a false prophet and obeying him and having a true prophet and disobeying him.

SAÏD BEY

Do we want for the New Turkey nothing better than the so-called greatness of the Western Powers? Have they used their scientific equipment for the welfare of mankind? It is more often used to kill and exploit.

OSMAN PASHA

Dear Saïd, you were always a dreamer. Could any imagination but yours picture Turkey Christianized?

SAÏD BEY

Again I insist, I do not wish to Christianize Turkey, but I want Turkey to be dedicated to the religion of Jesus of Nazareth. There's a real and important difference. Christendom has probably more often violated the precepts of its prophet than followed them. My ancestors who were Spanish Jews were forced by a Christian inquisition to flee to Turkey. The history of Christianity is filled with similar persecutions.

OSMAN PASHA

What's to prevent the same perversion taking place if Turkey turns to Jesus?

SAÏD BEY

Eternal vigilance on the part of you, myself, and the other leaders we will win to our cause.

OSMAN PASHA

I'm afraid, Saïd, you are indulging in day-dreams. Turkey will always be Moslem, although Mohammedanism will be profoundly changed.

SAÏD BEY

Exactly! It is that profound change that I want to guide and direct. Remember that Jesus is also a Moslem prophet and Jerusalem a Mohammedan place of pilgrimage. It was due to the hazards of warfare that Mohammed made Mecca the center of Islam instead of Jerusalem. Don't imagine I would replace the crescent with the cross, tear down mosques to build churches, or give up the muezzin's call for a bell. What I want to do is throw the emphasis from Mohammed to Jesus, from the Koran to the Gospels. Like most Mohammedans, I suppose you have never examined these biographies. You have judged the master by his followers. [*He takes a small volume from his pocket and lays it on the table.*] There they are. Read them! In spite of the distortions due to the prejudices and purposes of their authors, they reveal a truly great leader and teacher. [*He rises.*] When we meet again let me know your impressions.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Also rising.*] You're not going already?

SAÏD BEY

Yes. I must make the railroad before dark and it's probably less than an hour to sunset.

OSMAN PASHA

You are a brave man, Saïd—a Moslem preaching Jesus in Turkey.

SAÏD BEY

No, not brave, but perhaps wise. I choose my audience. [*They walk to the gate. SAÏD grasps OSMAN's hand.*] Good-bye, and remember Turkey needs your services.

OSMAN PASHA

Good-bye, old friend. I shall think long of what you said.

SAÏD BEY

[*Salaaming as he goes out.*] Khosh-ja-kalun-uz.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Salaaming.*] Selametleh.

[*OSMAN PASHA stands a moment watching from the gate. The auto starts, purrs a few moments, and is then heard leaving. OSMAN waves a final farewell, returns slowly to the table, and regards the little volume thoughtfully. He picks it up, puts it into his pocket, and turns to enter the palace. LIEUTENANT FETHI BEY comes out from the palace followed by the negro boy who is carrying his luggage.*]

OSMAN PASHA

You are going? I'd be glad to have you stay a few more days. There is no need of your hurrying away just because I've arrived.

[*The negro boy passes out through the gate.*]

FETHI BEY

I am anxious to get back into action.

OSMAN PASHA

The war is ended!

FETHI BEY

It has just begun! Now that we have driven the Greeks from Smyrna, we must drive the Allies from Constantinople.

OSMAN PASHA

I don't think it will be necessary to drive them. They will probably leave of their own accord. Of course, they will take some time about it. Their pride will demand that.

FETHI BEY

[*With deep emotion.*] It will not be the same in the army without you. We all loved you. Excuse me, sir! I must say it! I don't think it fair—your leaving us like this—for a woman!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Softly.*] Have you ever been in love?

FETHI BEY

No!

OSMAN PASHA

If you had, you would judge me differently.

FETHI BEY

[*Speaking rapidly.*] Yes! I have been in love! I am in love! I am in love with Turkey! I want to see her great and rich and strong. She has many enemies and needs your help to fight them.

OSMAN PASHA

I, too, love Turkey and will always serve her. But how best to serve her? That is the important question. You think to follow the lead of the Nationalists. That may be the best way. I'm not so sure.

FETHI BEY

It is the only way!

OSMAN PASHA

There are two great forces struggling for the control of Turkey—the extreme Nationalists and the fanatical Moslems. At present it appears as if the Nationalists will win. They probably will succeed in making Turkey richer and stronger. But will they make her better? I mean spiritually and morally. We tend to ignore the imponderables because they seem unreal. Perhaps in the end we shall discover that they are the only realities.

FETHI BEY

[*Disdainfully.*] Can Mohammedanism make Turkey better?

OSMAN PASHA

No! At least not as it is preached and practiced to-day. But it has a tremendous prestige and powerful inertia. A new vitality might be injected into it.

FETHI BEY

Are you expecting another prophet? [*Laughing.*] Remember that Mohammed was the last of the prophets.

OSMAN PASHA

The rediscovery of an old prophet might be sufficient. Saïd Bey has been here and has stirred up my thoughts. I wish you could speak to him. Look him up if you go to Angora or Brussa.

FETHI BEY

Saïd Bey is a hopeless dreamer. He is not a real Turk. We Turks are men of action.

OSMAN PASHA

I feel that the time has come when we must stop to think.

NEGRO BOY

[*Entering.*] The horses are ready, sir.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Taking FETHI's hand.*] Tell the officers and men that I think of them often, and that I am proud to have been their commander.

FETHI BEY

Not so proud, sir, as we were to serve under you. [*Finding it difficult to keep from sobbing, he takes refuge in the military formalities. He comes to attention and salutes.*] Khosh-ja-kalun-uz.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Saluting.*] Selametleh.

[FETHI BEY goes out quickly through the gate with the negro boy at his heels. OSMAN stands watching the disappearing figures and then goes to the table, takes a cigarette, lights it, sits down, and smokes leisurely. DJEVAT PASHA enters the Haremlik garden.]

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Clapping his hands.*] Tewfik! Tewfik! [TEWFIK enters hurriedly and salaams.] Is the American lady still in her room?

TEWFIK

Yes, sire.

DJEVAT PASHA

Humph! [*Thoughtfully.*] Tell her that I would like to see her.

TEWFIK

Yes, sire. [*Salaams and goes out.*]

[DJEVAT PASHA walks up and down somewhat nervously. After a short time, MARGARET enters. She is dressed in a simple white linen dress.]

DJEVAT PASHA

I sent for you, Miss Edsall, as I have something very important to discuss with you. [*He points towards a cushion.*] Won't you sit down?

MARGARET

No, thank you! I prefer to stand.

[*At the sound of MARGARET's voice, OSMAN PASHA jumps to his feet and with his back to the table on which he leans slightly he faces the door in the wall. He remains in this attitude, staring straight at the door as if he could see through it, during the entire scene between DJEVAT PASHA and MARGARET.*]

DJEVAT PASHA

Miss Edsall! [*Hesitating.*] Have you ever thought why my son in making you a prisoner should have sent you here?

MARGARET

Yes. I suppose it was because here there was no danger of my government penetrating in its search.

DJEVAT PASHA

Your ambassador has been assured by me that you are safe and will be freed as soon as possible. The Turkish government has no idea where you are.

MARGARET

Then I'm not a military prisoner?

DJEVAT PASHA

No. You are a private prisoner of my son. I have been your unwilling jailor, but I assure you, I and my wives have enjoyed your presence here greatly. You have been an interesting and charming visitor.

MARGARET

Why does your son keep me here?

DJEVAT PASHA

Because he loves you.

MARGARET

[*With astonishment.*] Loves me?!

DJEVAT PASHA

Yes! No doubt this sounds strange but it is none the less true. He realized that the only way to see you again was to follow the course he has taken. At the first opportunity he resigned his command and came here. His sole desire is to make you his wife.

MARGARET

[*Fiercely.*] Do you imagine I could become the wife of a Mohammedan and of a man as cruel as your son?

DJEVAT PASHA

You have known Osman only as a general in a position where great severity was required of him. As to his

being a Mohammedan, remember the differences between our civilizations are rapidly disappearing. You should not condemn a faith merely because it is different from your own. There is much of great value in Mohammedanism. Our young men have always had a high standard of personal purity. Alcoholism, for example, is practically non-existent among us, and our temperance is due solely to religion.

MARGARET

But think of the position of your women. I would not want to be one of them.

DJEVAT PASHA

Are they not happy? They are brought up and trained for a useful and honorable life. Is the work of wife and mother less desirable than that of clerk, factory hand, or even lawyer and physician?

MARGARET

[*Disdainfully.*] You practice polygamy. Among you, women exist only for men's pleasure.

DJEVAT PASHA

We Turks are a temperate race. The Prophet allows us four wives but the men among us who have that many are rare. In fact most of our men have but a single wife, due to economic reasons to some extent, but principally because the charms of our women seldom fade and thus enable them to hold their husband's love for the full span of life. The harem where it exists is not such a terrible

institution as the West imagines. You have seen for yourself. I ask you, is it not more honest for a man when passion cools to provide for his old loves and give them a respected position in the harem, than to desert or divorce them, or as is still more common in the West, to mock love by continuing a dead relationship or by carrying on clandestine affairs outside matrimony?

MARGARET

[*Hopelessly.*] We come from different worlds. There is no use arguing. We shall never see things alike.

DJEVAT PASHA

That does not mean we must remain divided. You will not deny your prophet who said that all men were brothers.

MARGARET

[*Emotionally.*] Yes, in Christ all men can unite but that means you must renounce Mohammed who divided mankind into the faithful and the infidel.

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Consolingly.*] I'm sorry that we have argued. I ought to have realized that argument only serves to stir up those things deep in our emotions upon which reason can make no impression. Let us look at the situation calmly. My son loves you profoundly. In coming to a decision, you must remember that love is sacred and beautiful, and that you cannot lightly throw it aside.

MARGARET

[*Tremendously impressed by DJEVAT PASHA's last words, she draws her hands over her face.*] I must think! Oh, if I could only get away from this prison.

DJEVAT PASHA

Perhaps you would like to walk in the park alone.

MARGARET

[*Grasping at the offer.*] Yes! Yes!

DJEVAT PASHA

[*Taking off his cloak.*] You had better put this on so no one will recognize you as other than one of our women. It will also protect you from the cold of the evening. [*He puts the cloak about her shoulders, and taking off his turban, and unwinding and unfolding it, produces a large silk shawl.*] Put this over your head.

MARGARET

Thank you! [*She wraps the cloak about her and covers her head with the shawl.*]

[DJEVAT PASHA opens the door in the wall and MARGARET enters the garden of the Selamlık. Closing the door, DJEVAT PASHA goes into the palace through one of the window-doors. MARGARET finds herself facing OSMAN PASHA. Recognizing him, she draws back and covers her face with the shawl.]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Approaching MARGARET and speaking with hesitation.*] May I speak to you? There is much I wish to say.

MARGARET

Please let me pass!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Tenderly.*] I love you!

MARGARET

[*Dropping the shawl from before her face.*] How can you say that? You don't even know me.

OSMAN PASHA

I do know you! It seems as if I have always known you.

MARGARET

You only saw me for a moment.

OSMAN PASHA

Yes, but in that moment I met a woman of beauty, of compassion, of courage, of unselfishness—and loved her. The vision of that moment has never left me. Even in the heat of battle and the exaltation of victory it has not faded for an instant.

MARGARET

[*Sarcastically.*]

My memory of that moment has also haunted me, although I've tried hard to forget.

OSMAN PASHA

I suppose I appeared extremely cruel, but I was only doing my duty as a soldier.

MARGARET

[*Bitterly.*] A Mohammedan soldier!

OSMAN PASHA

I am a Moslem and since childhood I have been taught to despise all those of your faith. But in the balance against my love for you, this teaching counts for nothing. Therefore, how much less should the fact that I'm a Mohammedan influence your attitude towards me, since you are a follower of the prophet whose life message was tolerance.

MARGARET

[*Exaltedly.*]

Yes, tolerance for the sinful, the weak, and the ignorant, but not tolerance of sin, of injustice, and of cruelty.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Impatiently.*] Let us not discuss religion. I assure you that your being a Christian shall never influence my attitude towards you. Remember, I love you! And as

my wife, not the slightest compulsion would be exerted to make you change your faith.

MARGARET

[*Disdainfully.*] As if I feared that. You don't understand. You never will understand. [*Fiercely.*] Never shall I give myself to any man who has not, as I have, given himself to Christ.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Passionately.*] Christ means nothing to me! [*Losing control of his emotions and taking MARGARET into his arms.*] I want you for myself alone!

[*MARGARET struggles to free herself but OSMAN forces his lips against hers. For a moment overcome by his passion she gives herself to him. Suddenly the muezzin's call is heard. It brings MARGARET back to herself and she again struggles.*]

MARGARET

Let me go! Let me go! [*She frees herself and falls upon her knees.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Crying joyfully.*] You love me! You love me! [*He bends over her as if to again take her in his arms.*]

MARGARET

[*Covering her face with her hands in a gesture of despair.*] Oh, God! What have I done? [*She remains*

on her knees in an attitude of prayer. OSMAN stands silently watching her.]

[TEWFIK enters the Haremlik garden as the muezzin's call is repeated and spreads prayer rugs on the ground. DJEVAT PASHA then enters followed by his two Moslem wives and as the third call of the muezzin ends they take their positions on the prayer rugs—DJEVAT PASHA in front of his two wives behind whom is TEWFIK—and begin the incantations and genuflections of the Moslem prayer. OSMAN holds out his arms tenderly and pleadingly towards MARGARET. Occupied with her own thoughts, she does not notice him. He sighs deeply.]

CURTAIN FALLS

SCENE 2: *The curtain remains lowered a few moments to indicate the passage of night. On again rising, the garden is deserted and is but faintly illuminated by the gray light of dawn. OSMAN PASHA enters the Selamlik garden from the palace. He is dressed as on the previous evening but his face is drawn and tired. In his hand, he carries the copy of the Gospels which SAÏD BEY had given him. He advances to the table, opens the book, and runs through the pages with his thumb and forefinger. Suddenly, with a gesture of impatience, he shoves the volume into his pocket and begins walking back and forth, his hands clasped behind him and his eyes on the ground.*

DJEVAT PASHA enters the Haremlik garden and passes through the door in the wall into the garden of the Selamlik.

OSMAN PASHA

DJEVAT PASHA

Osman! What are you doing here at this hour?

OSMAN PASHA

It will soon be sunrise.

DJEVAT PASHA

Your mother and I are greatly worried. All night long we have heard you walking about.

OSMAN PASHA

There is no need to be disturbed. I have merely been reading.

DJEVAT PASHA

What? May I ask?

OSMAN PASHA

A little book that Saïd gave me yesterday.

DJEVAT PASHA

Your prisoner demands immediate attention. If she stays here much longer, I fear she will have a nervous breakdown. She has passed the whole night in prayer, crying out to God to forgive her. Anna, who has been with her, only succeeded after much effort in calming her.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Overcome with emotion.*]

She is free to do as she wishes. I was merely waiting till morning to let her know.

DJEVAT PASHA

I will go immediately and tell her.

OSMAN PASHA

[*With a note of hope in his voice.*]

Do not tell her just that she is free, but that she is free to go or to stay.

DJEVAT PASHA

I understand. [*Passes through the Haremlik garden and into the palace.*]

[*SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI EFFENDI enters through the gate followed by two dervishes dressed as himself except for the green turban. He is visibly excited and rushes up to OSMAN PASHA.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Noting SHEIK MOHAMMED's excitement.*] What is it? Has anything happened?

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Speaking hurriedly.*] The time has come, Osman, when you must save Turkey for Islam. The men in power at Angora are unbelievers, atheists—worse than Christians or Jews. They plan to destroy the faith.

[*Turning to the First Dervish.*] Hussein! Tell him what you have discovered.

HUSSEIN

It has been decided by the Government that as soon as our troops enter Stamboul, Sultan Mohammed will be dethroned and there will be no successor. Abdul Medjid will be named Caliph but will possess no temporal powers.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

A Caliph who is not a Sultan is no longer a Caliph. How can he direct the forces of Islam against the infidel? He must be the absolute ruler of an independent state. Since the days of the Prophet he has always been such.

HUSSEIN

If the Government succeeds in abolishing the Sultanate, it will later undertake to do away with the Caliphate, the religious courts, and the religious schools.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

It seems unbelievable that these men who call themselves Moslems should plan the death blow of Islam in Turkey.

HUSSEIN

You may be sure it is true. My information is from very reliable sources.

AHMED

[*The Second Dervish.*] The Nationalists are drunk with power. The faith counts nothing with them against their own ambitions.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Fortunately the plans of these apostates have not yet materialized. It will be a few months before the Turkish army enters Stamboul. We have time to defeat them if we act quickly. I and my men working among the hodjas, immams, and muftis can prepare the uprising of the masses, but we need your help, Osman, with the army. You are the great hero of the common soldier. They are devoted to you and will follow wherever you lead. Join us in this struggle to save Turkey from these Godless men. Give yourself to Allah and his Prophet.

OSMAN PASHA

Mohammed Effendi, your information is probably correct. Our leaders at Angora have a new vision. They no longer dream of an all-conquering Islam but of a strong and independent Turkey. To achieve this they believe it is necessary to separate religion and government. This does not necessarily mean the end of religion.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

It means the end of Islam. Mohammed saw the world as a great Islamic state. What power has religion if it is divorced from government? These men may call themselves Moslems but Allah is not their God nor is Moham-

med their Prophet. They deify the State and consider themselves the prophets of a new faith.

OSMAN PASHA

What faith?

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Turkish Nationalism! Osman, we must never forget that Turkey won its greatest glory as a crusader for the crescent. To-day the whole Islamic world is watching us. They expect us to lead them in the struggle to throw off the chains of the hated giaour. Shall we fail them?

OSMAN PASHA

Mohammed Effendi, your faith in me makes me humble. I know you exaggerate my talents and my powers. However, even if I were capable of achieving what you hope of me, I would have to refuse your plea at present. I am completely bewildered. I must think many things through. Perhaps in a week or more probably in a month, I shall be better able to give you an answer. I beg you to excuse me till then.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Time presses!

OSMAN PASHA

I know. But I cannot join you now.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

We shall begin our preparations immediately. Our hope is to have you with us soon. [*Salaaming.*] Khosh-ja-kalun-uz.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Salaaming.*] Selamatleh.

[SHEIK MOHAMMED goes out followed by the two dervishes. DJEVAT PASHA enters the Haremlik garden accompanied by MARGARET, who is enveloped in a long black silk cloak and has a light colored silk scarf thrown over her head.]

DJEVAT PASHA.

I have arranged for a carriage drawn by a team of my best horses. A driver and an armed guard, both very reliable men, will accompany you. They are ready to take you wherever you wish to go—Afion Karahissar, Smyrna, or Constantinople.

MARGARET

Could they take me to my parents in Marash?

DJEVAT PASHA

Of course! Marash is nearer than any of the other three cities. [*He takes MARGARET's arm.*] Let us go! When travelling, it is wise to get an early start. [*They pass into the Selamlik garden. On seeing OSMAN, MARGARET draws closer to DJEVAT. OSMAN steps back. As they pass, MARGARET casts a furtive look at OSMAN who is gazing at her pleadingly. For a moment she hesitates. A sob escapes her. Tears stream down her face. Frightened by her own emotion, she grips DJEVAT's arm with sudden determination and they go out thru the gate. The muezzin's call is heard.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[When the call has ended, he raises his hands above his head and looks upward.] Oh, Allah—all powerful!
Bring her back to me!

[The call of the muezzin is repeated.]

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT III

The scene is laid at a spring alongside a narrow path in the Taurus Mountains. The path rises on the left, mounts to the center of the stage where the spring lies hidden in a hollow between two massive rocks, then turns abruptly at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees and continuing to mount, disappears up-stage. The spur of the mountain around which the path runs and which occupies the whole left half of the stage is covered with a heavy growth of myrtle shrub. The right half of the scene consists of a bare plateau beginning at the spring and descending very gradually until it disappears on the right. Over the top of this plateau a great expanse of sky and the sharp outline of a city of many small houses and a few mosques are visible. It is near mid-day and the sun shines down fiercely from the cloudless heavens.

When the curtain rises, the scene is deserted. Suddenly, a large swarthy head with long hair and scrubby beard is thrust through the thick myrtle. After glancing about rapidly and cautiously, it disappears. In a few seconds, the owner of the head climbs up on to the rocks. He is tall and powerful and his only garments are a ragged shirt and a pair of badly torn trousers. The sun has burnt his face, arms, and half-bare legs, to a deep brown.

MAN

[*Turning towards the myrtle after looking about carefully.*] Come, Bedros! It is safe!

BEDROS

[*In a shrill fearful voice.*] Are you sure? You are a reckless man, Hagop! I cannot trust you.

HAGOP

There is no danger.

[*BEDROS appears from behind the rock. He is a small, thin, nervous man with a scant unkempt beard. As his companion, he is dressed in rags.*]

BEDROS

Now that we have hope of escape, we must be careful. Are you sure this is the place we were to meet them?

HAGOP

Yes! Mustapha said that to-day at noon Araxi and Margaret Edsall, the daughter of old Doctor Edsall of the mission, would meet us with money and food and also clothes at the spring where we used to come on excursions as children. This is the place.

BEDROS

Can Mustapha be trusted? Perhaps it is a trap. He is a Turk!

HAGOP

[*Losing patience.*] You are a fool! Does not Mustapha love me like a brother. For six months now, while other Moslems have been hunting Armenians in these mountains as if they were rabbits, Mustapha has regularly brought us food at the risk of his life. And still you can doubt him?

BEDROS

[*Consolingly.*] Forgive me! I am a broken man, afraid of my own shadow.

HAGOP

You ought to know that the Turks are not all fanatics. There are many kind and good men like Mustapha among them. The last time he came with food, Mustapha told me that Osman Pasha, the famous general, was trying to bring the persecution of the Armenians to an end.

BEDROS

May God give him strength!

HAGOP

[*Gazing thoughtfully towards the city.*] To-day the city can be seen very clearly. How many happy years we Armenians spent there in Marash.

BEDROS

With the shadow of death always hanging over us.

HAGOP

They are all gone now. I suppose Araxi is the only one of our people there and she is with the American missionaries.

BEDROS

Did Mustapha know Araxi as a girl?

HAGOP

He knew us all. He was my father's guard and accompanied him on all his business trips. Many times he told Araxi, her brother Aram, and myself, the story of his pilgrimage to Mecca.

BEDROS

Among us Armenians, Hagop, your father was regarded as a powerful man. [*Shaking his head sorrowfully.*] But not a single plan of his was realized. How pitifully weak even the strongest of us were.

HAGOP

Perhaps one wish that was very dear to my father will come true. He cherished the idea that Araxi would become my wife. Who knows? We both still live.

BEDROS

[*Excitedly.*] Did you hear that? It sounded like horses.

HAGOP

[*Listening attentively and carefully glancing about.*] I see no one!

BEDROS

[*Drawing partly into the myrtle and pulling HAGOP after him.*] Look! [*He points down over the plateau.*]

HAGOP

[*Looking in the direction indicated.*] It's two Turkish gentlemen with their servants. They're on the path which passes below.

BEDROS

[*Still more excitedly.*] They're dismounting! My God! They're coming here! [*He turns and disappears followed by HAGOP.*]

[*After a few moments, OSMAN PASHA appears over the top of the plateau followed by SAÏD BEY. They are both dressed in western riding costume and wear fezzes.*]

OSMAN PASHA

There is a spring here, if you care to drink.

SAÏD BEY

No! Not just now! Thank you! [*Glancing about.*] So it is here that you come every month as on a pilgrimage?

OSMAN PASHA

Yes! I suppose it is a childish and extravagantly romantic thing to do, but it pleases me.

SAÏD BEY

Do you never go into the city?

OSMAN PASHA

No! From here I can see the mission compound. I know she is there, living and working with her parents. I suppose I can never hope for more than that knowledge and the pleasure it brings me.

SAÏD BEY

Why do you not go and see her? You said you felt she loved you.

OSMAN PASHA

Yes, during the moment I held her close to me. Then we were but man and woman. Unfortunately, besides being a man, I'm also a Turk and a Moslem.

SAÏD BEY

A year may have brought many changes in her as it has in yourself. She must have heard of your efforts to help the Armenians. The plea for tolerance which you made in the Assembly caused a sensation. It is not possible that she does not know of it.

OSMAN PASHA

I fear she has never considered me as an individual. To her, I am but a Turkish soldier. The cruelty of our army during the last year in expelling the remaining Armenians and Greeks has no doubt intensified her prejudices against me. That is, if she occasionally gives me so much as a thought.

SAÏD BEY

I still feel you should see her and tell her everything. If she knew that the revolt of the fanatical Moslems failed because of your refusal to join it, and that the Nationalists would have driven every foreign school, church, and hospital out of the country but for your opposition to their intolerance, and that you are organizing within Islam a brotherhood for spreading the teachings of the Prophet Jesus, then I'm sure her attitude towards you would quickly change.

OSMAN PASHA

I wish I were sure. In her mind I am indelibly associated with the execution of that Armenian boy.

[*For a moment OSMAN PASHA stands quietly gazing towards the city. He then turns abruptly to SAÏD BEY.*]

OSMAN PASHA

Let us go a little farther up this path. From above we can get a still better view of the city. Our servants with the horses will pass around on the path below and we shall meet them again on the other side.

[*OSMAN PASHA strides up the path followed by SAÏD BEY and they are soon out of sight. As they are lost to view, two women in Turkish costume and mounted on donkeys appear at the left. Their dress is entirely black and consists of the conventional skirt, cape, head-dress (petche), and heavy veil (yashmak). On arriving at the spring, they halt.*]

ARAXI

This is the place!

MARGARET

I have seen no one!

ARAXI

They are probably hiding in the myrtle. I shall put the red blanket about me. It is the signal Mustapha arranged for. When they see it, they will know it is we.

[They dismount. Both raise their veils, throwing them back over their heads. ARAXI takes the red blanket from the saddle of her donkey and puts it about her shoulders.]

MARGARET

Do you think there are many fugitives in these mountains?

ARAXI

They were very numerous, but how many remain is hard to say. Without some one like Mustapha to aid them, it would be almost impossible for them to live. I hope that all those who are still alive will soon be able to return to their homes.

MARGARET

And what gives you such hope?

ARAXI

The things I have been hearing about Osman Pasha.

MARGARET

He's the man who killed your brother!

ARAXI

Yes, but God often uses strange instruments to accomplish his purposes. Did not Saul the persecutor of Christians become Paul the apostle of Christ?

[MARGARET *does not answer but stands thoughtfully looking at the city.* HAGOP *appears on top of the rocks.*]

HAGOP

Araxi!

[ARAXI and MARGARET *turn and face him.*]

ARAXI

Hagop! Thank God you are here! Where is Bedros?

BEDROS

[*In a shrill excited voice.*] Here I am! [*He climbs up beside HAGOP.*]

HAGOP

[*In a subdued voice.*] Don't speak too loudly. Two Turkish gentlemen have just gone up the path.

MARGARET

We noticed no one ahead of us while coming up.

HAGOP

They were on the path below and leaving their horses with their servants walked up here.

MARGARET

Will they be back?

HAGOP

I don't think so. The servants with the horses have gone on.

ARAXI

We should take no risks. We had better leave at once. [*She removes a pair of saddle bags from each donkey.*] Here are the things.

[HAGOP *jumps down from the rocks followed by*
BEDROS.]

MARGARET

In the bags you will find food, clothing, and two Turkish woman's costumes, which, if necessary, you can use to disguise yourselves. Here is the money. [*She gives HAGOP a purse.*] In all there is one hundred and twenty-five gold pounds. You may have to use some of it for bribes.

HAGOP

How can we ever repay you?

MARGARET

Don't think of that now! Make your way as quickly as possible to Mersine. There the missionaries will be on

the look-out for you and will try to smuggle you out of the country.

HAGOP

[*Grasping MARGARET's hand and kissing it.*] May God bless you! [*Turning to ARAXI.*] Araxi! Shall we not see each other again?

ARAXI

Hagop, I know what your father's wishes were for us two. I want them to be realized. When you are safe, write me, and I will come to you. [*She holds out her hand to him.*]

HAGOP

[*Taking her hand in his and kneeling before her.*] I pray God to make me worthy of your love. [*ARAXI leans over and kisses HAGOP's bowed head. He kisses her hand.*]

[*Over the top of the plateau a Turkish sergeant appears. He is accompanied by two gendarmes armed with rifles. At the same time, two other gendarmes advance slowly and silently along the path rising from the left.*]

BEDROS

[*Frantically, on seeing the sergeant.*] We are betrayed! We are betrayed! Mustapha has betrayed us! [*He turns to run down the path at the left but finding that route also barred, he begins to whine pitifully. MARGARET and ARAXI quickly lower their veils so as to hide their faces.*]

SERGEANT

[*Advancing haughtily.*] Well, we caught you pretty. [*Tauntingly.*] Your good friend Mustapha told everything after we lashed the soles of his bare feet a few times.

MARGARET

You have been torturing that kind old man! Shame!

SERGEANT

Kind? To whom? To these infidel pigs! Both of them are wanted in Marash to answer charges of attacking Moslem women.

HAGOP

[*Angrily.*] It's a lie!

SERGEANT

[*Mockingly.*] We shall see if it's a lie when both of you are hanging from the end of a rope.

BEDROS

[*Throwing himself at the SERGEANT's feet and screaming hysterically.*] Don't take me back there! Have mercy! I don't want to die! I don't want to die! [*He sobs convulsively. The SERGEANT kicks him and turns away with a gesture of disgust.*]

HAGOP

[*In a quiet voice.*] Bedros! Try to be brave!

[*ARAXI kneels beside BEDROS' crumpled figure and endeavors to console him.*]

MARGARET

[*To SERGEANT.*] You and your men will gain nothing by seeing these two unfortunate men hung. I shall give you fifty gold pounds if you will go away. You can tell your superiors that you failed to find us.

SERGEANT

Fifty pounds! You don't value their lives very highly.

MARGARET

A hundred!

SERGEANT

Fifty each! Not bad for infidels. Make it two hundred and we might consider it.

MARGARET

I haven't two hundred pounds.

SERGEANT

How much have you got?

MARGARET

One hundred and twenty-five.

SERGEANT

Are you sure you can't do any better? Suppose I search you.

MARGARET

You will find nothing on me.

SERGEANT

[*Looking inquisitively at ARAXI.*] Where is the money?
Who has it?

MARGARET

Agree to go and you will have it.

SERGEANT

[*Addressing his men.*] Remember! You were witnesses to this woman trying to bribe an officer of the law.
[*To MARGARET.*] You are guilty of a serious offense.

MARGARET

Do you want the money?

[*The SERGEANT hesitates. Suddenly OSMAN PASHA is seen hurrying down the path followed by SAÏD BEY. The SERGEANT notices them and comes to attention.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*To SERGEANT.*] We heard some one screaming. What is the trouble?

SERGEANT

Sir! We have just caught two Armenian fugitives. They are wanted in Marash. These two women are disguised Christians. A Turk named Mustapha has been helping these men for many months. This morning the police, who have been suspicious of Mustapha for a long time, gave him a severe bastinado and got a confession which enabled us to make this capture.

[BEDROS, *noticing the respect with which the SERGEANT addresses OSMAN PASHA, throws himself at OSMAN PASHA's feet.*]

BEDROS

[*Pleadingly.*] Help me! Do not let them take me! They want to kill me! I don't want to die! I don't want to die!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Consolingly.*] There's no reason to be afraid. [*To SERGEANT.*] Sergeant, you can leave these men in my custody. Tell your commanding officer—I believe it is Captain Sabri Bey.

SERGEANT

Yes, sir!

OSMAN PASHA

Tell him that you turned over your prisoners to Osman Pasha.

SERGEANT

It's a bit irregular, sir.

OSMAN PASHA

I shall arrange everything with Captain Sabri Bey.

SERGEANT

Yes, sir.

OSMAN PASHA

You and your men can go!

SERGEANT

Yes, sir. [*He goes down the path at the left followed by the gendarmes. BEDROS effusively kisses OSMAN PASHA's hand.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Patting BEDROS gently on the shoulder.*] I think it best that both you men come with me. I will try to arrange so that you can return to your old homes in safety. If this is not possible, I will help you to leave the country.

HAGOP

We shall never be able to tell you how grateful we are. [*Hesitating.*] May I make a request?

OSMAN PASHA

Speak out!

HAGOP

Could you do something to help Mustapha, our Turkish friend, who is being punished because of the help he gave us?

OSMAN PASHA

The Vali in Marash is an old friend of mine. I shall write him and he will, I'm quite sure, see that your friend is freed.

HAGOP

You are very generous and kind. I thank you with all my heart.

ARAXI

[*Stepping before* OSMAN PASHA.] And I too thank you, and also forgive you. [*Throwing back her veil.*] Do you not remember me? I am the sister of the man you ordered executed at Afion Karahissar a year ago.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Sadly.*] Remember! [*Covering his eyes with his hand.*] Oh, God! I wish I could forget.

ARAXI

[*Exaltedly.*] I'm sure God has forgiven you even as I have, for to-day you are doing his work.

OSMAN PASHA

If you feel compensated in some small way for the great injustice I did you, then I am truly grateful. [*Turning to SAÏD BEY.*] Saïd, I think it best that we go. Our servants will be impatient.

MARGARET

[*Coming forward and addressing* OSMAN PASHA.] I also wish to thank you.

OSMAN PASHA

[*With joyous surprise.*] You! Your voice! [*With deep emotion.*] Allah has answered my prayer.

For months I have wanted to speak to you. May I not say a few words now? Please don't refuse me!

MARGARET

Speak! I am listening. [*Throwing back her veil.*]

[SAÏD BEY *beckons* BEDROS and HAGOP, and together they go up the path. ARAXI takes the two donkeys and leads them down the path at the left.]

OSMAN PASHA

You may wonder how I happen to be here. [MARGARET says nothing.] Every month for a year I have come to this spot so I might look down on the mission compound. I knew you were there.

Many things—great things have happened to me. A year ago a seemingly impassable barrier stood between us. To-day, I believe it no longer exists.

MARGARET

[*Sympathetically.*]

What do you mean?

OSMAN PASHA

I have discovered Jesus! With the aid of my friend Saïd Bey, I have come to love your Master.

MARGARET

[*Astonished.*] You have become a Christian?

OSMAN PASHA

No, not a Christian, but a follower of Jesus.

MARGARET

[*Bewildered.*] I don't understand. [*With suspicion.*] Are you playing with words?

OSMAN PASHA

No! No! Don't think that! Is not Jesus a Moslem prophet and the Gospels a holy book of Islam? Why can't a man be a disciple of Jesus and remain within Islam?

MARGARET

The Moslem's conception of Jesus is a terribly distorted one.

OSMAN PASHA

Not more so than that of many Christians. [MARGARET *begins to reply. He quickly interrupts.*] Let us not argue. That is useless. What I want to say is that I and a group of friends firmly believe that Turkey, as all the world, has great need of the message of Jesus. However, if we should call ourselves Christians, we would be cut off forever from serving our country. Moslem intolerance would kill us or drive us into exile. I assure you that only enlightened Moslems can successfully preach Jesus to Islam. If his message comes through the hated infidel, it will be repulsed without being examined. You missionaries, although your motives may have been of the best, have done more harm than good.

MARGARET

[*Bitterly.*] It is only natural for you to say that.

OSMAN PASHA

It is true! You came to Turkey originally to convert Moslems into Christians, but finding it impossible to break through Islam's wall of intolerance, you devoted all your time to the Christian minorities. You gave them a modern education. As a result of their new learning, they became prosperous. The ignorant Turk could no longer compete with them. He saw the hated infidels becoming richer and richer and himself poorer and poorer. His religious fanaticism was fed by jealousy of the wealth of the Christians. If you had inculcated in your protégés a little of the charity and humbleness of Jesus, perhaps all would have gone well. But learning made them proud. They looked down on the stupid Turk. They mocked him. And now he has taken his revenge.

MARGARET

And you think he has done right?

OSMAN PASHA

No! No! To understand is not to approve. I want to make Jesus a vital force in the life of Islam. Look at me! [MARGARET *faces him.*] Has not Jesus made a great change in me? Margaret, if I had not loved you, I would never have known Him. You are giving your life to the cause of Jesus in Turkey. At present you are working under impossible handicaps. As my wife, these would largely disappear. Alone we can accomplish little, but together we can achieve great things.

MARGARET

[*Deeply moved, she turns from him. Pleadingly.*] Please don't talk any more about my becoming your wife. Why do you persist in trying to realize the impossible?

OSMAN PASHA

I cannot admit that I shall never win you. I would rather embrace death. [*He endeavors to take her hands in his but she does not permit him.*] Margaret! Have pity on me! Without some hope, my love for you will destroy me. A year ago, during the moment I held you in my arms, you also loved me. Religion hardened your heart. It could not have been the religion of Jesus.

MARGARET

[*Distractedly.*] Why do you torment me?

OSMAN PASHA

[*Exultantly.*] You still love me! Your voice tells me so! [*Drawing close to her.*] Let your heart speak! [*Their eyes meet. He cries joyfully.*] Margaret! [*He takes her in his arms and they kiss long and passionately.*]

MARGARET

You do love me!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Gazing intently into MARGARET's eyes.*] God knows how much I love you. [*They kiss again. Facing the city, they stand with their arms about each other.*]

MARGARET

[*After a few moments of silence.*] How beautiful it is!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Pointing.*] Look! It is noon. The muezzin is calling the faithful to prayer. [*The call of the muezzin can be heard faintly in the distance.*] Margaret, dear, the muezzin is also calling us—calling us to teach Islam to know the Prophet of Nazareth. [*Looking upward.*] Oh, Allah! Give us strength!

[*The last notes of the muezzin die away.*]

CURTAIN FALLS

ACT IV

SCENE 1: *The setting is the salon of OSMAN PASHA'S house in Stamboul ten years later. The room's decorations and furnishings are half oriental and half western. The floor is covered with oriental carpets and some fine specimens of Persian and Turkish rug-weaving adorn the walls. Scattered about the room are a number of chairs and taborets.*

In the center of the rear wall is a large bay window through which can be seen the houses on the opposite side of the street, and in both the right and left walls towards the front are doors. On both sides of the bay window, against the rear wall and extending to the side walls, are low divans covered with Turkoman rugs.

When the curtain rises, MARGARET and SEDIKA, OSMAN'S mother, are discovered sitting in armchairs in the center of the room. They are both busy sewing and before them is a small work table. Standing in the alcove of the bay window and looking down into the street is OSMAN'S and MARGARET'S nine year old son, DJEVAT. Ten years have hardly changed SEDIKA'S appearance. However, MARGARET has perceptively matured. Her face has developed firmer and more forceful lines and she is somewhat stouter. Both she and SEDIKA are dressed in European clothes. It is late afternoon and the light gradually decreases.

MARGARET

Do you see father coming, Djevat?

DJEVAT

No, mother! There is nobody in the street.

SEDIKA

You are worried about Osman?

MARGARET

It's a bit late. He is usually here before this.

SEDIKA

He has probably visited a brother in a remote part of the city.

MARGARET

I would not be worried ordinarily but Sheik Mohammed Ali has been here twice to-day. He seemed greatly excited. Perhaps he has discovered something.

SEDIKA

What?

MARGARET

Perhaps he has learned that Osman is the chief of the Brothers of Jesus.

SEDIKA

That was bound to be known sooner or later.

MARGARET

We had hoped to keep it secret until the Brotherhood was stronger.

SEDIKA

Yesterday, Saïd Bey said, there was not a city or even a village in the country without its group of Brothers.

MARGARET

Yes, it has been wonderful how the movement has grown.

SEDIKA

I'm sure its success has been far beyond the hopes of either Osman or Saïd.

MARGARET

I shall be happy when we can come out into the open.

SEDIKA

You must not complain.

MARGARET

I was not complaining. That would be most ungrateful, for Osman has accomplished much. But it is only natural to be a bit impatient—because I want the movement to succeed. [*A knock is heard on the door at the left.*] Djevat! Open the door!

DJEVAT

Yes, mother! [*Opens the door and SAÏD BEY enters.*]

[*SAÏD BEY is dressed in European clothes and fez but his dress lacks much of the smartness that characterized it previously. The past decade has left its marks upon him. He is much paler and a slight stoop makes him appear smaller. His hair is almost completely gray while his eyes seem larger and more brilliant against his pale skin.*]

SAÏD BEY

[*Salaaming.*] Seleimoun aleikoum. [*To MARGARET.*] Please don't get up. I can find myself a chair. [*To DJEVAT, patting him on the shoulder.*] And how are you, my boy?

DJEVAT

Very well, thank you!

SAÏD BEY

[*To MARGARET.*] He will soon be as tall as his father.

MARGARET

He is growing rapidly but he still has a long way to go to equal Osman.

[*SAÏD BEY lays his walking stick on the divan and sits down on a chair nearby the two women, while DJEVAT goes back to his position at the window.*]

SEDIKA

He will be full grown before you realize it. The years pass quickly.

SAÏD BEY

And they bring great changes.

SEDIKA

Yes! In ten years, the old Turkey has practically disappeared.

SAÏD BEY

The Sultan, the Caliph, the religious courts, the religious schools—they are all gone. Then too, the full emancipation of our women has been almost achieved. Unfortunately to counterbalance the changes for the better there are numerous changes for the worse. Drunkenness and prostitution are on the increase. Corruption in the government is now more common than ever. The exploitation of the peasants and workers is horribly cruel. Materially the country has made great advances but morally it has gone backwards.

MARGARET

You have forgotten one bright thing in the picture. There is the Brotherhood.

SAÏD BEY

Yes! And thanks to Osman and his devoted friend Brother Edhem, its power is growing every day. We are attracting to us those men in all classes who feel the need of a new morality. We even have a dervish among us.

MARGARET

A dervish?

SAÏD BEY

Yes! A man named Rechad! He seems very earnest and sincere! For him as for thousands of others, Mohammedanism in Turkey has become an empty shell of form and ceremony. I believe we shall succeed in filling that shell with the spirit of Jesus.

MARGARET

When do you think we shall be able to come out into the open?

SAÏD BEY

Very soon, I hope. I don't believe the government officials will oppose us. They fear most the fanatical Moslems under the leadership of the dervishes and may see in us a force to combat them. In the beginning, if we emphasize that our movement is purely Turkish and that we aim not at destroying Mohammedanism but at reforming it, we need not fear the Nationalists. Our struggle with them will come later when they realize our growing strength threatens their special privileges.

DJEVAT

[*From the window.*] Mother! Father is coming! [*He runs out on the left, leaving the door open behind him.*]

SEDIKA

[*Rising.*] I must go and arrange for supper! [*To* SAÏD BEY.] We hope you will dine with us this evening.

SAÏD BEY

[*Rising.*] Thank you! With pleasure! [SEDIKA goes out through the door on the right.]

[MARGARET rises and walks to the door on the left.

OSMAN PASHA enters with his arm about the shoulders of DJEVAT. Following them is RECHAD, the ex-dervish. He is a small man with a red beard and is dressed in the costume of a hodja—a long black gown and a white turban. OSMAN PASHA'S appearance has not changed greatly. He is somewhat grayer and seems more unworldly. This impression is emphasized by his clothes which are of quite an ordinary quality and fit.]

MARGARET

[*Embracing OSMAN PASHA.*] You are late, dear. I was a bit worried.

OSMAN PASHA

[*To DJEVAT.*] Djevat! Go help your grandmother. You can set the table.

DJEVAT

Yes, father. [*Goes out on right.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*With deep emotion.*] I didn't want the boy to hear. Brother Edhem is dead!

SAÏD BEY

Dead! I only saw him this morning.

OSMAN PASHA

He was attacked this afternoon by a mob led by two dervishes. They beat and stoned him and left him in the road for dead. Rechad, here, who happened to be near-by and was attracted by the shouting, carried him home and then called me. Less than an hour ago, Edhem died in my arms. [*All are deeply moved and for a moment nothing is said.*] We must bear no hatred towards his murderers for he bore none towards them himself. Practically his last words were, "Master! Forgive them!" [*Again all remain silent.*]

MARGARET

[*Suddenly.*] Osman! I'm afraid!

OSMAN PASHA

Of what, dear?

MARGARET

For you! Sheik Mohammed Ali has been here twice to-day. He was very excited. Perhaps they plan to attack you.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Affectionately.*] Margaret, you taught me to be unafraid, to always trust in God. Must the pupil now teach his master?

MARGARET

[*Throwing her arms about* OSMAN PASHA's neck.] I love you so much!

OSMAN PASHA

Dear Margaret! [*He kisses her.*]

SAÏD BEY

[*After a moment of silence.*] Are you sure the attack on Edhem was due to his membership in the Brotherhood?

OSMAN PASHA

There is little doubt! Rechad tells me that the crowd cursed him as an infidel. [OSMAN PASHA *leads MARGARET to a chair and gently forces her to sit down.*]

SAÏD BEY

How do you think they learned he was a Brother?

OSMAN PASHA

I do not know exactly but for some time now they seem well informed about us. We are becoming so numerous, it is difficult to say who has been indiscreet.

SAÏD BEY

Perhaps they have a spy.

RECHAD

[*With affected astonishment.*] Can that be possible?

SAÏD BEY

Yes! Why not?

OSMAN PASHA

I do not think so!

SAÏD BEY

At any rate, it is very important that we combat immediately the charge of being infidels. If the dervishes succeed in convincing the illiterate populace that our purpose is the destruction of the Moslem faith, our path will become a thousand fold more difficult. I firmly believe that the time has come when we must make a public statement of our whole program. We must insist that we do not aim at replacing Mohammedanism with Christianity but at renewing its vitality by emphasizing the message of the Prophet Jesus.

OSMAN PASHA

I believe you are right, Saïd. That is what we must do. [*A loud knock is heard on the door at the left.*] Who can that be?

SAÏD BEY

Shall I open?

OSMAN PASHA

Yes!

[*SAÏD BEY opens and SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI enters followed by two dervishes who remain standing at either side of the door. The SHEIK, except for a more pronounced stoop, a more untidy beard, and more fanatical eyes, looks very much as in Act II.*]

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Walking up to OSMAN PASHA.*] Ah! At last I have found you. There is a question I wish to ask you and I want an answer. [*MARGARET rises and draws near to OSMAN.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Calmly.*] Mohammed Effendi, I will be glad to answer any question you care to ask.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Is it true that you are the leader of those infidels called the Brothers of Jesus?

OSMAN PASHA.

I am proud to answer that I am associated with a number of brave and pure men in a movement for purging our country of its vices. We call ourselves the Brothers of Jesus because we find in his life and teachings the inspiration and guidance which we need in our difficult task. We are not infidels. We are Moslems in the true meaning of that word for we gladly submit ourselves and our lives to Allah! Remember Jesus was a true prophet. Did not Mohammed recognize him as such? In the Koran, Allah says, "And in the footsteps of the prophets caused we Jesus, the son of Mary, to follow, and we gave him the gospel—a guidance and warning to those who fear God."

SHEIK MOHAMMED

You are no more Moslems than those unbelievers who are to-day ruling the country. Ten years ago, I asked you to join us in a struggle against them. You refused! Without your help we were unable to gain control of the army and our revolt failed. But we have not given up the struggle. Turkey will again live only for the glory of Islam. When that day comes, let the Nationalists beware. And

as for you—before long we will do away with you and your organization.

OSMAN PASHA

Your threats do not frighten me!

SHEIK MOHAMMED

You are a traitor to your faith. Allah be praised that Djevat Pasha did not live to see his son an infidel.

OSMAN PASHA

Mohammed Effendi, I think it best that you go if you have only insults to offer me.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Pointing at MARGARET.*] It is that woman who is responsible! May the curse of Allah be upon her!

[OSMAN PASHA *advances menacingly towards SHEIK MOHAMMED. His lips are tightened and his fists clenched. The dervishes move stealthily towards their chief.*]

MARGARET

Osman!

OSMAN PASHA

[*Controlling himself with a visible effort and pointing towards the door.*] Go!

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Turning towards the door and crying.*] Allah will have his revenge! [*Goes out muttering to himself.*] Infidel pigs! Infidel pigs! [*The two dervishes follow.*]

MARGARET

[*Fearfully.*] Osman, they will probably attack you as they did Brother Edhem.

OSMAN PASHA

Do not fear! We will forestall them. Remember that the Government is the enemy of the dervishes and will welcome an excuse to take drastic action against them. I have already informed the police of the attack on Edhem. But, as you say, Saïd, we must not let the dervishes stir up the people against us. Just as soon as possible we must make a statement of our aims to the public. What do you think is the best plan?

SAÏD BEY

To-night, I shall prepare a statement for the press which will appear in all the morning papers. Then we can assign a brother to every mosque in the city and to-morrow after sun-rise prayer they can speak to all the worshippers. Many of the charges against us will be refuted when the people see the Brothers of our order worshipping in the mosques and performing all the ritual of prayer.

OSMAN PASHA

Yes, I think that is a good plan.

SAÏD BEY

You, Osman, I feel, should speak in Aya Sophia. If you have no objections, Rechad and I will go immediately and inform a few of our leaders of this plan. In two or three hours we can all gather here to arrange the details.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Taking SAÏD BEY's hand in both of his.*] Saïd! What would we do without your fertile brain to guide us?

SAÏD BEY

It is your spirit, Osman, which has led us from the beginning. I am content to have served in developing a few details of our tactics. [*Taking his walking stick from the divan and turning towards the door.*] In about two hours we should all be here. [*Salaaming.*] Khosh-ja-kalun-uz.

RECHAD

[*Salaaming.*] Khosh-ja-kalun-uz.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Salaaming.*] Selametleh. [SAÏD BEY and RECHAD go out.]

[*As SAÏD BEY and RECHAD disappear, FETHI BEY enters. He is dressed in the uniform of a major. The eleven years since we last saw him in Act II have matured him greatly.*]

FETHI BEY

[*Salaaming.*] Seleimoun aleikoum.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Salaaming.*] Aleikoum es selam.

FETHI BEY

[*Advancing.*] Osman Pasha! Do you not recognize me?

OSMAN PASHA

[*Looking intently at FETHI BEY.*] It's Fethi Bey! Welcome! [*He takes FETHI BEY's hand.*] It's many years since we last saw each other. I understood that you were abroad in the diplomatic service.

FETHI BEY

Yes! I have been military attaché at our legation in Washington.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Turning towards MARGARET.*] Of course, you remember my wife.

FETHI BEY

[*Bowing.*] With much pleasure!

MARGARET

You were a delightful jailor although at the time I was not in an appreciative mood.

FETHI BEY

The ways of Allah are strange. [*Turning to OSMAN PASHA.*] I have come to give a warning and to make a confession.

OSMAN PASHA

Please sit down! [*He motions to a chair. They all take seats.*]

FETHI BEY

Since my return to Turkey, I have been occupied with the reorganization of the gendarmerie. I do not know if you are aware of it, but the dervishes have been planning another revolt and had managed to win a great many of the police over to their cause. Fortunately we discovered the plot and have imprisoned most of the plotters. But we have not been able to arrest Sheik Mohammed Ali and other important ring-leaders. They never break the law themselves but always remain in the background and destroy their enemies by arousing the fanaticism of the masses against them. To-day, I discovered that they plan to do away with you and your organization. You may be surprised to learn that the police have known of the Brotherhood of Jesus and its activities for a long time.

OSMAN PASHA

We endeavored to keep our organization secret while it was young and weak so as to avoid such an attack as you say the dervishes now plan against us. At present I believe we are strong enough to fight them in the open and we have decided to make a public statement of our aims. We hope that the Government will at least be neutral.

FETHI BEY

Temporarily, the Government's sympathy will probably be with you. The dervishes are its most powerful enemies. It will be happy to see any one weaken their hold on the people.

OSMAN PASHA

I feel sure we shall be able to win over many of their followers.

FETHI BEY

Now that I have given my warning, I must make my confession. You may remember that more than ten years ago, I urged you to join the Nationalists in the rebuilding of Turkey. I can recall your answer as if it were given but yesterday. You said, "The Nationalists will probably succeed in making Turkey richer and stronger. But will they make her better—that is spiritually and morally?" At that time, I must admit I did not understand why you emphasized the spiritual and the moral. To attain power and wealth seemed the only worth-while objective. To-day, after many years' residence in the capital of the mightiest and most prosperous country in the world, I realize that the imponderables, as you called them, are the only realities.

OSMAN PASHA

You have discovered a great truth. May Allah open the eyes of many others.

FETHI BEY

Material things bring no real satisfaction. Do you know that in America everything stimulates one's desires and nothing satisfies them? There is no picture more tragic than that of a people giving their lives to the winning of power and wealth and then finding them not worth the struggle and afraid to admit it. Frankly, sir, I thought you a fool to let slip out of your hands the opportunity to

become the dictator of Turkey. I now realize that it is we Nationalists who are fools.

OSMAN PASHA

You judge yourself too severely. Remember that when the Nationalists first took control of the country, Turkey had neither strength to maintain her independence, nor materials to satisfy her simplest needs. In winning these for Turkey, the Nationalists have served the country well. It is now that they want power and wealth to glorify themselves that they have gone astray. Of course, they say they wish to glorify the country. Fethi, I rejoice that light has come to you.

FETHI BEY

But I haven't the courage to proclaim my discovery to the others. [*Laughing bitterly.*] The mad race is on and I don't suppose it will end until our insatiable desires destroy us.

OSMAN PASHA

There are many hopeful signs. Our Brotherhood is growing stronger every day.

FETHI BEY

I don't want to discourage you but I feel sure that all those who do not succumb to Nationalism will embrace Islam. And fundamentally there isn't a great deal of difference between them. Both are intolerant! Both strive for power! Both promise their adherents luxuries and comforts! The only difference is that the Nationalists

promise them in this life while the Moslems promise them in the life to come.

OSMAN PASHA

Your pessimism is not warranted and will soon disappear if you join us. We are on the road towards discovering the true values of life.

FETHI BEY

Osman Pasha, I admire you more than any other man in Turkey, but I have not the courage to join you. It takes a braver man than I am to enlist in a hopeless cause.

OSMAN PASHA

It is not hopeless! The people will not always follow false prophets. Allah will open their eyes. Of that, I am convinced!

FETHI BEY

I wish I could have such faith. [*Rising.*] If ever I can be of any service, do not hesitate to call on me. And remember my warning. Watch out for the dervishes. [*Turning to MARGARET.*] I hope we shall see each other again soon.

MARGARET

You are always welcome. Come to see us often.

FETHI BEY

Thank you! [*Goes to the door.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Accompanying him.*] I am very grateful for your warning and happy to know that you understand us.

FETHI BEY

Please do not forget. I am always at your services.
[*Salaaming.*] Khosh-ja-kalun-uz.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Salaaming.*] Selametleh. [FETHI BEY *goes out.*]

OSMAN PASHA

[*Turning elatedly to MARGARET.*] Allah has wrought a wonderful change in him. He will become one of us yet. [*He puts his arm about MARGARET's waist and they walk silently to the window.*] You are trembling!

MARGARET

That terrible Sheik Mohammed Ali! He is capable of anything.

OSMAN PASHA

[*Light-heartedly.*] Do not worry! We shall defeat him! It may be a long struggle! But our cause is righteous! We will triumph in the end! [*The muezzin's call is heard and both listen silently.*] How beautifully he sings to-night. It seems like the voice of Allah calling his children unto him.

[*The call of the muezzin rings forth again.*]

CURTAIN FALLS

SCENE 2: *After a short interval, the curtain rises disclosing the south-east corner of the mosque of Aya Sophia. On the left, the setting is bounded by the tall "mimbar" or pulpit with its long flight of steps, and on the right by the "mastabah" or dais about ten feet high in which the Koran readers sit. The whole fore-stage, in front of the columns which support the balcony, is covered with rugs so arranged as to be in line with the "mihrab" which is located in the east end of the mosque to the left of the pulpit and therefore not visible in our setting. The mihrab indicates the direction to Mecca and all worshippers face towards it when praying.*

The faint light of dawn enters through the windows in the recesses of the balcony and aisle, heightening the effect of awe and majesty which is always felt on entering the mosque of Aya Sophia. The light increases as the action proceeds.

The stage is deserted except for an old, gray-bearded and white-turbaned hodja who is sitting in the "mastabah" chanting verses from the Koran, a copy of which lies open before him on a low rack. His legs are drawn up under him and his body sways backward and forward in time with his monotonous chant.

SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI enters followed by five or six dervishes. They pass through the columns, come forward to the front of the stage, and look carefully about. The chant of the hodja ceases.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Do any of you see him? [No one answers, but all shake their heads negatively. He turns to one of the dervishes—

a big, powerful, black haired fellow.] Kara Kadir!
When did this Rechad say he would be here?

KARA KADIR

At half an hour before sun-rise.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

It is later than that now. Are you sure we can trust him?

KARA KADIR

No! Has he not already been a traitor twice? First when he deserted us to join the Brothers of Jesus and now when he offers to sell us information about the plans of his new companions. But he is in a position to know much. Did you not notice him at Osman Pasha's house yesterday evening? [*A figure appears in the shadow of the aisle.*] That's he, I believe.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Turning to the other dervishes.*] Go!

[*They steal off quietly, some to the right and some to the left. SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI and KARA KADIR go to the columns and remain standing there. The figure in the aisle comes stealthily towards them.*]

KARA KADIR

It is he!

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Good! [*The figure joins the dervishes. It is RECHAD.*]

KARA KADIR

You are late!

RECHAD

I could not get here sooner. Have you the money?

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Taking a purse from his pocket.*] Yes! What have you to tell us?

RECHAD

At a meeting in Osman Pasha's house late last night, it was decided that this morning after the first prayers, members of the Brotherhood would speak in all the mosques. They will put their whole program before the public.

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Do they not fear the authorities?

RECHAD

No! They feel sure the authorities will not disturb them and even hope for their support against your attacks. There is no other news. Give me the money!

SHEIK MOHAMMED

What about Osman Pasha?

RECHAD

He is to speak here in Aya Sophia. Why don't you give me the money?

SHEIK MOHAMMED

Are you sure Osman Pasha is coming here?

RECHAD

Yes! Are you trying to find an excuse for not paying me?

SHEIK MOHAMMED

[*Angrily putting the purse in RECHAD's hand.*] There, you swine!

[RECHAD goes into the corner formed by the pulpit and the wall, and begins counting the money. SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI and KARA KADIR hurry off on the right. The hodja's chant is again heard. A steady flow of worshippers, some carrying their shoes in their hands, begins entering through the columns. They pass across the stage and go out on the left. Among these is SAÏD BEY who is accompanied by a few Brothers. As they pass the center of the stage, RECHAD, who has finished counting his money, turns to go and almost walks into them.]

SAÏD BEY

[*Surprised.*] Rechad! You here already? Have you visited all the Brothers on your list and given them their instructions?

RECHAD

[*Hesitating.*] Yes! They will all be at their posts at sunrise.

SAÏD BEY

Good! Have you seen Osman Pasha?

RECHAD

No! I do not think he has come as yet.

SAÏD BEY

You had better wait here for him. When he comes tell him that we are scattered among the worshippers.

RECHAD

I will wait.

[SAÏD BEY and the Brothers go out at the left. The worshippers continue to stream through. OSMAN PASHA, accompanied by MARGARET and DJEVAT, appears in the balcony. MARGARET is dressed in the conventional black silk costume of the Turkish woman with the head-dress covering the hair but without a veil.]

OSMAN PASHA

Wait for me here.

MARGARET

[Drawing close to him.] Are you sure there is no danger?

OSMAN PASHA

Yes! I am sure! Do not worry! You can see the whole mosque from here. [Looking towards the interior.]

There are many worshippers this morning. We are fortunate.

MARGARET

I saw some dervishes.

OSMAN PASHA

There are always some present at prayer. [*Putting his arm about MARGARET.*] Dearest, you are trembling! I believe it would have been wiser if you had stayed at home.

MARGARET

No! No! Something tells me not to leave you!

[*The muezzin's call is heard. Coming from outside the mosque, it sounds a bit remote.*]

OSMAN PASHA

I must go! [*He kisses MARGARET and DJEVAT.*] Pray for me! [*He hurries off.*]

DJEVAT

Mother, when is father going to speak?

MARGARET

After prayer.

DJEVAT

Will the people listen?

MARGARET

Yes! Of course!

DJEVAT

Then, why are you afraid?

MARGARET

[*Hugging DJEVAT.*] You dear boy! I'm not afraid! God is watching over all of us. We will kneel here in the shadow. [*They disappear.*]

[OSMAN PASHA *enters through the columns.* RECHAD *stops him.*]

OSMAN PASHA

Rechad! Have you been here long?

RECHAD

No! Only a few moments. Saïd Bey and a group of Brothers have already entered.

OSMAN PASHA

I will have many sympathetic listeners. [*The muezzin's call is repeated.*] Come! We must not be late. [*He takes RECHAD by the arm. They pass out at the left.*]

[*From beneath the mastabah, SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI enters accompanied by a group of dervishes.*]

SHEIK MOHAMMED

You have all seen him go in. He must not leave Aya Sophia alive. Do not attack him yourselves, if it can possibly be avoided. Stir up the faithful against him. Convince them that he is an infidel and they will do the rest. [*The muezzin's call is repeated for the third time.*] Lis-

ten! The muezzin is calling you to strike down this giaour. Allah will reward you. To-day, Islam will be avenged! [*Additional worshippers enter through the columns.*] Go! May Allah and his Prophet give you strength! [*The dervishes hurry off at the left.* SHEIK MOHAMMED ALI follows slowly.]

[*The last group of worshippers take up positions on the carpet covering the fore-stage immediately in front of the pulpit. Here they stand until the signal to begin is given by the Immam who is off-stage. Then, in unison, they perform the genuflections and incantations of the Moslem prayer. The great monotonous chant of a thousand voices fills the air. In combination with the rhythmical movements of the worshippers, it has a decidedly hypnotic effect. The prayer ended, the worshippers relax and stand conversing among themselves. A dervish joins them.*]

FIRST WORSHIPPER

[*Looking towards the interior of the mosque.*] Some one is coming to speak.

SECOND WORSHIPPER

[*Looking in the same direction.*] It's Osman Pasha.

FIRST WORSHIPPER

Let us wait and hear what he has to say.

[*OSMAN PASHA enters from the left followed by a crowd of men who mingle with the worshippers*

already on the stage. Mounting the platform in front of the curtained door of the pulpit, he faces his audience who await expectantly for him to begin.]

OSMAN PASHA

Fellow Moslems! We are told that Turkey has made great progress during the last decade. Our leaders point with pride to the factories that have sprung up among us. We are congratulated on our improved system of transportation, on our increased national wealth, on our favorable trade balance, on our gold currency standard, on the decrease of illiteracy, on the reduced infant mortality, and on innumerable other economic and social improvements. But let us stop and think. Do these things really signify progress? Have they brought an increased understanding of life or a greater serenity of soul? Rather we find ourselves to-day drifting upon a sea of uncertainty, driven first one way and then the other by the conflicting winds of desire.

Friends! Progress connotes a goal. What goal? Until we answer this question we cannot tell whether we are moving forward or backward. How strange it is that men, in order to make life significant, give values to it which are wholly their own creations. And stranger still is their eagerness to die for these. Of such is honor, liberty, fame, fortune, the nation,—yes, even Islam!

FIRST WORSHIPPER

There is much truth in what he says.

OSMAN PASHA

What is life's goal? Does anybody know? Has anybody achieved it? Can anybody point the way?

SECOND WORSHIPPER

We all seek the answer to those questions.

OSMAN PASHA

Listen! And I will answer them! [*The crowd hangs anxiously upon his words.*] The goal of life is God! The path is love! And he who has best pointed the way is a Prophet of Islam—Jesus of Nazareth.

DERVISHES

[*Shouting.*] Infidel! Giaour!

FIRST WORSHIPPER

[*Turning angrily on the dervishes.*] Quiet! Let him speak!

OSMAN PASHA

You, who shout infidel, show your ignorance of the Prophet Jesus. Never was there a better Moslem for never has there been a man who more fully gave himself to God. And not until we learn to do likewise will we be freed from the insatiable desires which now drive us to distraction.

FIRST DERVISH

He preaches the doctrines of unbelievers!

SECOND DERVISH

Is not his wife a Christian?

FIRST WORSHIPPER

[*To the dervishes.*] I find much truth in what he says.

[*The crowd turns from OSMAN PASHA to the disputants. There are murmurs of approval and condemnation for both parties.*]

FIRST DERVISH

He is the chief of a secret order of unbelievers. They call themselves the Brothers of Jesus.

OSMAN PASHA

Friends! Please listen to me! [*The crowd again turns towards him.*] Turkey needs in its present state of moral turmoil, the purifying power that the Prophet of Nazareth gave to his disciples. It was in the hope of instilling this power into the hearts of all our countrymen that ten years ago the Brotherhood of Jesus was organized.

DERVISHES

[*Shouting.*] Infidels! Giaours! [*Some of the crowd take up the cry.*] Giaours! Giaours!

FIRST WORSHIPPER

[*Angrily to the dervishes.*] Why do you not answer the Pasha like gentlemen instead of shouting like hoodlums?

FIRST DERVISH

[*Tauntingly.*] Are you too an infidel?

FIRST WORSHIPPER

[*Advancing threateningly towards the dervish.*] Dog!
Do you want me to kill you?

OSMAN PASHA

[*Descending from the platform and going towards the combatants.*] Friends! I beg you! Do not quarrel!
[*As he pushes through the excited and murmuring crowd, KARA KADIR comes up behind him and plunges a dagger into his back. OSMAN PASHA throws up his arms and sinks to the ground without a word. The crowd draws back frightened.*]

FIRST WORSHIPPER

[*Seeing OSMAN PASHA fall.*] The dogs! They've got him!

SECOND WORSHIPPER

[*Frightened.*] We had better go! It is not wise for us to be mixed up in this.

FIRST WORSHIPPER

The cowards! [*He starts to go towards OSMAN PASHA who is stretched on the ground.*]

SECOND WORSHIPPER

[*Taking his companion's arm.*] Come! If you stay, you will get into trouble. [*He drags his friend off.*]

[*The crowd disappears. SAÏD BEY dashes to OSMAN PASHA's side. A few Brothers join him. RECHAD stands a short way off.*]

FIRST BROTHER

[*Taking OSMAN PASHA's hand.*] He's unconscious.

SAÏD BEY

[*After listening a long moment at OSMAN PASHA's breast.*] He is dead!!

[*RECHAD, on hearing this, slinks out through the columns. MARGARET hurries in holding DJEVAT by the hand. She rushes to her husband. SAÏD BEY and the Brothers step back. MARGARET throws herself upon OSMAN PASHA and sobs violently. DJEVAT stands bewildered at her side.*]

SAÏD BEY

[*Putting his hand tenderly on MARGARET's shoulder as her sobs become fainter and fainter.*] Do not weep! Rejoice! He has achieved life's goal and like the Master has pointed us the way.

[*The chant of the hodja in the mastabah begins again.*]

CURTAIN FALLS

THE END



All items are subject to recall.

GTU Library



3 2400 00397 2878

